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Poetry.

WHITTIER'S TRIBUTE TO MR. GARRISON.

To the Editor of the Independent:

At the solemn and impressive funeral of my beloved and early friend, William Lloyd Garrison, one of the speakers read a part of the following poem, which I now send, asking a place for it in thy paper, although, as per the surpassingly beautiful tributes of Wendell Phillips, and the perhaps still more touchingly eloquent words of Theodore D. Weld, it may seem almost superfluous. Something on my part seems due to the intimate friendship of more that 50 years, unbroken and undisturbed by any difference of opinion and action during the long anti-slavery struggle.

Thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.
Oak Knoll, Danvers, 5th Mo., 30th, 1879.

GARRISON.

The storm and peril overpast
The hounding hatred shamed and still;
Go, soul of freedom! take at last
The place which thou alone canst fill.

Confirm the lesson taught of old,
Life saved for self is lost, while they
Who lose it in His service hold
The lease of God's eternal day.

Not for thyself, but for the slave
By words of thunder shook the world;
Not with the weapons of the grave
The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew
We heard a tenderer undersong;
Thy very wrath from pity grew,
From love of man thy hate of wrong.

Now past and present are as one;
Thy life below is life above;
Thy mortal years have but begun
The immortality of love.

Not for a soul like thine the calm
Of selfish ease and joys of sense;
But duty, more than crown or palm,
Its own exceeding recompense.

Go up and on! thy day well done,
Its morning promise well fulfilled,
Arise to triumphlets yet unwon,
To holier tasks that God has willed.

Go leave behind thee all that mars
The work below of man for man;
With the white legions of the stars
Do service such as angels can.

Wherever wrong shall right deny,
Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,
A hand to set the captive free!

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Startling Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER X.

A COUNCIL OF THREE.

For a moment Horace stood thunderstruck, looking in blank astonishment at Lady Janet. His first words, as soon as he had recovered himself, were addressed to Julian.

"Is this a joke?" he asked, sternly. "If it is, I for one don't see the humor of it."

Julian pointed to the closely-written pages of the consul's letter. "A man writes in earnest," he said, "when he writes at such length as this. The woman seriously gave the name of Grace Roseberry, and when she left Mannheim she traveled to England for the express purpose of presenting herself to Lady Janet Roy." He turned to his aunt. "You saw me start," he went on, "when you first mentioned Miss Roseberry's name in my hearing. Now you know why." He addressed himself once more to Horace. "You heard me say that you, as Miss Roseberry's future husband, had an interest in being present at my interview with Lady Janet. Now *you* know why."

"The woman is plainly mad," said Lady Janet. "But it is certainly a startling form of madness when one first hears of it. Of course we must keep the matter, for the present at least, a secret from Grace."

"There can be no doubt," Horace agreed, "that Grace must be kept in the dark, in her present state of health. The servants had better be warned beforehand, in case of this adventuress or mad woman, whichever she may be, attempting to make her way into the house."

"It shall be done immediately," said Lady Janet. "What surprises *me*, Julian, (ring the bell, if you please), is, that you should describe yourself in your letter as feeling an interest in this person." Julian answered—without ringing the bell.

"I am more interested than ever," he said, "now I find that Miss Roseberry herself is your guest at Mablethorpe House."

"You were always perverse, Julian, as a child, in your likings and dislikings," Lady Janet rejoined. "Why don't you ring the bell?"

"For one good reason, my dear aunt. I don't wish to hear you tell your servants to close the door on this friendless creature."

Lady Janet cast a look at her nephew which plainly expressed that she thought he had taken a liberty with her.

"You don't expect me to see the woman?" she asked, in a tone of cold surprise.

"I hope you will not refuse to see her," Julian answered, quietly. "I was out when she called. I must hear what she has to say—and I should infinitely prefer to hear it in your presence. When I got your reply to my letter, permitting me to present her to you, I wrote to her immediately, appointing a meeting here."

Lady Janet lifted her bright black eyes in mute expostulation to the carved Cupids and wreaths on the dining-room ceiling.

"When am I to have the honor of the lady's visit?" she inquired, with ironical resignation.

"To-day," answered her nephew, with impenetrable patience.

"At what hour?"

Julian composedly consulted his watch. "She is ten minutes after her time," he said, and put his watch in his pocket again. At the same moment the servant appeared, and advanced to Julian, carrying a visiting-card on his little silver tray. "A lady to see you, sir." Julian took the card, and, bowing, handed it to his aunt. "Here she is," he said, just as quietly as ever.

Lady Janet looked at the card, and tossed it indignantly back to her nephew. "Miss Roseberry!" she exclaimed. "Printed—actually printed on her card! Julian, even my patience has its limits. I refuse to see her!"

The servant was still waiting—not like a human being who took an interest in the proceedings, but (as became a perfectly trred footman) like an article of furniture artfully constructed to come and go at the word of command. Julian gave the word of command, addressing the admirably constructed automaton by the name of "James."

"Where is the lady now," he asked.

"In the breakfast-room, sir."

"Leave her there, if you please, and wait outside within hearing of the bell."

The legs of the furniture footman acted, and took him noiselessly out of the room. Julian turned to his aunt.

"Forgive me," he said, "for venturing to give the man his orders in your presence. I am very anxious that you should not decide hastily. Surely we ought to hear what this lady has to say?"

Horace dissented widely from his friend's opinion. "It's an insult to Grace," he broke out, warmly, "to hear what she has to say!"

Lady Janet nodded her head in high approval. "I think so too," said her ladyship, crossing her handsome old hands resolutely on her lap. Julian applied himself to answering Horace first.

"Pardon me," he said. "I have no intention of presuming to reflect on Miss Roseberry, or of bringing her into the matter at all. The consul's letter," he went on speaking to his aunt, "mentions, if you remember, that the medical authorities of Mannheim were divided in opinion on their patient's case. Some of them — the physician-in-chief being among the number—believe that the recovery of her mind has not accompanied the recovery of her body."

"In other words," Lady Janet remarked, "a madwoman is in my house, and I am expected to receive her!"

"Don't let me exaggerate," said Julian, gently. "It can serve no good interest, in this serious matter, to exaggerate any thing. The consul assures us, on the authority of the doctor, that she is perfectly harmless. If she is really the victim of a mental delusion, the poor creature is surely an object of compassion, and she ought to be placed under proper care. Ask your own kind heart, my dear aunt, if it would not be downright cruelty to turn this forlorn woman adrift in the world without making some inquiry first."

Lady Janet's inbred sense of justice admitted—not overwillingly—the reasonableness as well as the humanity of the view expressed in those words. "There is some truth in that Julian," she said, shifting her position uneasily on her chair, and looking at Horace. "Don't you think so too," she added.

"I can't say I do," answered Horace, in the positive tone of a man whose obstinacy is proof against every appeal that can be addressed to him.

The patience of Julian was firm enough to be a match for the obstinacy of Horace. "At any rate," he resumed, with undiminished good temper, "we are all three equally interested in setting this matter at rest. I put it to you, Lady Janet, if we are not favored, at this lucky moment, with the very opportunity that we want? Miss Roseberry is not only out of the room, but out of the house. If we let this chance slip, who can say what awkward accident may not happen in the course of the next few days?"

"Let the woman come in," cried Lady Janet, deciding headlong, with her customary impatience of all delay. "At once, Julian, before Grace can come back. Will you ring the bell this time?"

This time Julian rang it. "May I give the man his orders?" he respectfully inquired of his aunt.

"Give him any thing you like, and have done with it!" retorted the irritable old lady, getting briskly on her feet, and taking a turn in the room to compose herself. The servant withdrew, with orders to show the visitor in.

Horace crossed the room at the same time—apparently with the intention of leaving it by the door at the opposite end.

"You are not going away?" exclaimed Lady Janet.

"I see no use in remaining here," replied Horace, not very graciously.

"In that case," retorted Lady Janet, "remain here because I wish it."

"Certainly—if you wish it. Only remember," he added, more obstinately than ever, "that I differ entirely from Julian's view. In my opinion the woman has no claim on us."

A passing movement of irritation escaped Julian for the first time. "Don't be hard, Horace," he said, sharply. "All women have a claim on us." They had unconsciously gathered together, in the heat of the little debate, turning their backs on the library door. At the last words of the reproof administered by Julian to Horace, their attention was recalled to the passing events by the slight noise produced by the opening and closing of the door. With one accord the three turned and looked in the direction from which the sounds had come.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Just inside the door there appeared the figure of a small woman dressed in plain and poor black garments. She silently lifted her black net veil, and disclosed a dull, pale, worn, weary face. The forehead was low and broad; the eyes were unusually far apart; the lower features were remarkably small and delicate. In health (as the consul at Mannheim had remarked) this woman must have possessed, if not absolute beauty, at least rare attractions peculiarly her own. As it was now, suffering—sullen, silent, self-contained suffering—had marred its beauty. Attention and even curiosity it might still arouse. Admiration or interest it could excite no longer. The small, thin, black figure stood immovably in the door. The dull, worn, white face looked silently at the three persons in the room.

The three persons in the room, on their side, stood for a moment without moving, and looked silently at the stranger on the threshold. There was something, either in the woman herself, or in the sudden and stealthy manner of her appearance in the room, which froze, as if with the touch of an invisible, cold hand, the sympathies of all three. Accustomed to the world, habitually at their ease in every social emergency, they were now silenced, for the first time in their lives, by the first serious sense of embarrassment which they had felt since they were children in the presence of a stranger.

Had the appearance of the true Grace Roseberry aroused in their minds a suspicion of the woman who had stolen her name and taken her place in the house?

Not so much as the shadow of a suspicion of Mercy was at the bottom of the strange sense of uneasiness which had now deprived them alike of their habitual courtesy and their habitual presence of mind. It was as practically impossible for any one of the three to doubt the identity of the adopted daughter of the house as it would be for you who read these lines to doubt the identity of the nearest and dearest relative you have in the world. Circumstances had fortified Mercy behind the strongest of all natural rights—the right of first possession. Circumstances had armed her with the most irresistible of all natural forces—the force of previous association and previous habit. Not by so much as a hair-breadth was the position of the false Grace Roseberry shaken by the first appearance of the true Grace Roseberry within the doors of Mablethorpe House. Lady Janet felt suddenly repelled without knowing why. Julian and Horace felt suddenly repelled, without knowing why. Asked to describe their own sensation at the moment, they would have shaken their heads in despair, and would have answered in those words. The vague presentiment of some misfortune to come had entered the room with the entrance of the woman in black. But it moved invisibly; and it spoke as all presentiments speak, in the Unknown Tongue.

A moment passed. The crackling of the fire and the ticking of the clock were the only sounds audible in the room. The voice of the visitor—hard, clear, and quiet—was the first voice that broke the silence.

"Mr. Julian Gray?" she said, looking interrogatively from one of the two gentlemen to the other.

Julian advanced a few steps, instantly recovering his self-possession. "I am sorry I was not at home," he said, "when you called with your letter from the consul. Pray take a chair."

By way of setting the example, Lady Janet seated herself at some little distance, with Horace in attendance standing near. She bowed to the stranger with studious politeness, but without uttering a word, before she settled herself in her chair. "I am obliged to listen to this person," thought the old lady. "But I am *not* obliged to speak to her. That is Julian's business—not mine." "Don't stand, Horace! You fidget me. Sit down." Armed beforehand in her policy of silence, Lady Janet folded her handsome hands as usual, and waited for the proceedings to begin, like a judge on the bench.

"Will you take a chair?" Julian repeated, observing that the visitor appeared neither to heed nor to hear his first words of welcome to her. At this second appeal she spoke to him. "Is that Lady Janet Roy?" she asked, with her eyes fixed on the mistress of the house. Julian answered, and drew back to watch the result. The woman in the poor black garments changed her position for the first time. She moved slowly across the room to the place at which Lady Janet was sitting, and addressed her respectfully with perfect self-possession of manner. Her whole demeanor, from the moment when she had appeared at the door, had expressed—at once plainly and becomingly—confidence in the reception that awaited her.

"Almost the last words my father said to me on his death-bed," she began, "were words, madam, which told me to expect protection and kindness from you." It was not Lady Janet's business to speak. She listened with the blandest attention. She waited with the most exasperating silence to hear more. Grace Roseberry drew back a step—not intimidated—only mortified and surprised. "Was my father wrong?," she asked, with a simple dignity of tone and manner which forced Lady Janet to abandon her policy of silence, in spite of herself.

"Who was your father?" she asked, coldly.

Grace Roseberry answered the question in a tone of stern surprise. "Has the servant not given you my card?" she said. "Don't you know my name?"

"Which of your names?" rejoined Lady Janet.

"I don't understand your ladyship."

"I will make myself understood. You asked me if I knew your name. I ask you, in return, which name it is? The name on your card is 'Miss Roseberry.' The name marked on your clothes, when you were in the hospital, was 'Mercy Merrick.'"

The self possession which Grace had maintained from the moment when she had entered the dining-room, seemed now, for the first time, to be on the point of failing her. She turned and looked appealingly at Julian, who had thus far kept his place apart, listening attentively.

"Surely," she said, "your friend, the consul, has told you in his letter about the mark on the clothes?"

Something of the girlish hesitation and timidity which had marked her demeanor at her interview with Mercy in the French cottage reappeared in tone and manner as she spoke those words. The changes—mostly changes for the worse—wrought in her by the suffering through which she had passed since that time, were now (for the moment) effaced. All that was left of the better and simpler side of her character asserted itself in her brief appeal to Julian. She had hitherto repelled him. He began to feel a certain compassionate interest in her now.

"The consul has informed me of what you said to him," he answered, kindly. "But, if you will take my advice, I recommend you to tell your story to Lady Janet in your own words."

Grace again addressed herself with submissive reluctance to Lady Janet. "The clothes your ladyship speaks of," she said, "were the clothes of another woman. The rain was pouring when the soldiers detained me on the frontier. I had been exposed for hours to the weather—I was wet to the skin. The clothes marked 'Mercy Merrick' were the clothes lent me by Mercy Merrick herself while my own things were drying. I was struck by the shell in those clothes. I was carried away insensible in those clothes after the operation had been performed on me."

Lady Janet listened to perfection—and did no more. She turned confidentially to Horace, and said to him, in her gracefully ironical way, "She is ready with her explanation. Horace answered in the same tone, "A great deal too ready."

Grace looked from one of them to the other. A faint flush of color showed itself on her face for the first time. "Am I to understand," she asked, with proud composure, "that you don't believe me?"

Lady Janet maintained her policy of silence. She waved her hand courteously toward Julian, as if to say, "Address your inquiries to the gentleman who introduces you." Julian, noticing the gesture, and observing the rising color in Grace's cheeks, interfered directly in the interests of peace.

"Lady Janet asked you a question just now," he said: "Lady Janet inquired who your father was?"

"My father was the late Colonel Roseberry."

Lady Janet made another confidential remark to Horace. "Her assurance amazes me!" she exclaimed.

Julian interposed before his aunt could add a word more. "Pray let us hear her," he said, in a tone of entreaty which had something of the imperative in it this time. He turned to Grace. "Have you any proof to produce," he added in his gentler voice, "which will satisfy us that you are Colonel Roseberry's daughter?"

Grace looked at him indignantly. "Proof!" she repeated. "Is my word not enough?"

Julian kept his temper perfectly. "Pardon me," he rejoined, "you forget that you and Lady Janet meet now for the first time. Try to put yourself in my aunt's place. How is she to know that you are the late Colonel Roseberry's daughter?"

Grace's head sunk on her breast; she dropped into the nearest chair. The expression of her face changed instantly from anger to discouragement. "Ah," she exclaimed, bitterly, "if I only had the letters that have been stolen from me!"

"Letters," asked Julian, "introducing you to Lady Janet?"

"Yes." She turned suddenly to Lady Janet. "Let me tell you how I lost them," she said, in the first tones of entreaty which had escaped her yet.

Lady Janet hesitated. It was not in her generous nature to resist the appeal that had just been made to her. The sympathies of Horace were far less easily reached. He lightly launched a new shaft of satire—intended for the private amusement of Lady Janet. "Another explanation!" he exclaimed, with a look of comic resignation. Julian overheard the words. His large lustrous eyes fixed themselves on Horace with a look of measured contempt.

"The least you can do," he said, sternly, "is not to irritate her. It is so easy to irritate her!" He addressed himself again to Grace, endeavoring to help her through her difficulty in a new way. "Never mind explaining yourself for the moment," he said. "In the absence of your letters, have you any one in London who can speak to your identity?"

Grace shook her head sadly. "I have no friends in London," she answered. It was impossible for Lady Janet—who had never in her life heard of any body without friends in London—to pass this over without notice. "No friends in London!" she repeated, turning to Horace. Horace shot another shaft of light satire. "Of course not!" he rejoined.

Grace saw them comparing notes. "My friends are in Canada," she broke out, impetuously. "Plenty of friends who could speak for me, if I could only bring them here."

As a place of reference—mentioned in the capital city of England—Canada, here is no denying it, is open to objection on the ground of distance. Horace was ready with another shot. "Far enough off, certainly," he said. "Far enough off, as you say," Lady Janet agreed.

Once more Julian's inexhaustible kindness strove to obtain a hearing for the stranger who had been confided to his care. "A little patience, Lady Janet," he pleaded. "A little consideration, Horace, for a friendless woman."

"Thank you, Sir," said Grace. "It is very kind of you to try to help me, but it is useless. They won't even listen to me." She attempted to rise from her chair as she pronounced the last words. Julian gently laid his hand on her shoulder and obliged her to resume her seat.

"*I* will listen to you," he said. "You referred me just now to the consul's letter. The consul tells me you suspected some one of taking your papers and your clothes."

"I don't suspect," was the quick reply; "I am certain! I tell you positively Mercy Merrick was the thief. She was alone with me when I was struck down by the shell. She was the only person who knew that I had letters of introduction about me. She confessed to my face that she had been a bad woman—she had been in a prison—she had come out of a Refuge—"

"Julian stopped her there with one plain question, which threw a doubt on the whole story.

"The consul tells me you asked him to search for Mercy Merrick," he said. "Is it not true that he caused inquiries to be made, and that no trace of any such person was to be heard of?"

"The consul took no pains to find her," Grace answered, angrily. "He was, like every body else, in a conspiracy to neglect and misjudge me."

Lady Janet and Horace exchanged looks. This time it was impossible for Julian to blame them. The farther the stranger's narrative advanced, the less worthy of serious attention he felt it to be. The longer she spoke the more disadvantageously she challenged comparison with the absent woman, whose name she so obstinately and so audaciously persisted in assuming as her own.

"Granting all that you have said," Julian resumed, with a last effort of patience, "what use could Mercy Merrick make of your letters and your clothes?"

"What use?" repeated Grace, amazed at his not seeing the position as she saw it. "My clothes were marked with my name. One of my papers was a letter from my father, introducing me to Lady Janet. A woman out of a refuge would be quite capable of presenting herself here in my place."

Spoken entirely at random, spoken without so much as a fragment of evidence to support them, those last words still had their effect. They cast a reflection on Lady Janet's adopted daughter which was too outrageous to be borne. Lady Janet rose instantly. "Give me your arm, Horace," she said, turning to leave the room. "I have heard enough."

Horace respectfully offered his arm. "Your ladyship is quite right," he answered. "A more monstrous story never was invented." He spoke, in the warmth of his indignation, loud enough for Grace to hear him. "What is there monstrous in it?" she asked, advancing a step toward him, defiantly.

Julian checked her. He too—though he had only once seen Mercy—felt an angry sense of the insult offered to the beautiful creature who had interested him at his first sight of her. "Silence!" he said, speaking sternly to Grace for the first time. "You are offending—justly offending—Lady Janet. You are talking worse than absurdly—you are talking offensively—when you speak of another woman presenting herself here in your place."

Grace's blood was up. Stung by Julian's reproof, she turned on him a look which was almost a look of fury. "Are you a clergyman? Are you an educated man?" she asked. "Have you never read of cases of false personations, in newspapers and books? I blindly confided in Mercy Merrick before I found out what her character really was. She left the cottage—I know it, from the surgeon who brought me to life again—firmly persuaded that the shell had killed me. My papers and my clothes disappeared at the same time. Is there nothing suspicious in these circumstances? There were people at the hospital who thought them highly suspicious—people who warned me that I might find an impostor in my place." She suddenly paused. The rustling sound of a silk dress had caught her ear. Lady Janet was leaving the room, with Horace, by way of the conservatory. With a last desperate effort of resolution, Grace sprang forward and placed herself in front of them.

"One word, Lady Janet, before you turn your back on me," she said, firmly. "One word, and I will be content. Has Col. Roseberry's letter found its way to this house or not?"

Lady Janet looked—as only a great lady can look, when a person of inferior rank has presumed to fail in respect toward her.

"You are surely not aware," she said, with icy composure, "that those questions are an insult to Me?"

"And worse than an insult," Horace added, warmly, "to Grace!"

The little resolute black figure (still barring the way to the conservatory, was suddenly shaken from head to foot. The woman's eyes traveled backward and forward between Lady Janet and Horace with the light of a new suspicion in them.

"Grace!" she exclaimed. "What Grace? That's my name. Lady Janet, you have got the letter! The woman is here!"

Lady Janet dropped Horace's arm, and retraced her steps to the place at which her nephew was standing.

"Julian," she said, "you force me for the first time in my life to remind you of the respect that is due to me in my own house. Send that woman away."

Without waiting to be answered, she turned back again, and once more took Horace's arm. "Stand back, if you please," she said quietly to Grace.

Grace held her ground. "The woman if here!" she repeated. "Confound me with her—and then send me away if you like."

Julian advanced and firmly took her by the arm. "You forget what is due to Lady Janet," he said, drawing her aside. "You forget what is due to yourself."

With a desperate effort, Grace broke away from him, and stopped Lady Janet on the threshold of the conservatory door. "Justice!" she cried, shaking her clinched hand with hysterical frenzy in the air. "I claim my right to meet that woman face to face! Where is she? Confront me with her! Confront me with her!"

While those wild words were pouring from her lips, the rumbling of carriage wheels became audible on the drive in front of the house. In the all-absorbing agitation of the moment, the sound of the wheels (followed by the opening of the house door) passed unnoticed by the persons in the dining-room. Horace's voice was still raised in angry protest against the insult offered to Lady Janet; Lady Janet herself (leaving him for the second time) was vehemently ringing the bell to summon the servants; Julian had once more taken the infuriated woman by the arm, and was trying vainly to compose her—when the library door was opened quietly by a young lady wearing a mantle and a bonnet. Mercy Merrick (true to the appointment which she had made with Horace) entered the room. The first eyes that discovered her presence on the scene were the eyes of Grace Roseberry. Starting violently in Julian's grasp, she pointed toward the library door. "Ah!" she cried, with a shriek of delight. "There she is!"

Mercy turned as the sound of the scream rang through the room, and met —resting on her in savage triumph—the living gaze of the woman whose identity she had stolen, whose body she had left laid out for dead. On the intent of that terrible discovery—with her eyes fixed helplessly on the fierce eyes that had found her—she dropped senseless on the floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANDERSONVILLE

A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

The Life of a Prisoner of War in Richmond, Andersonville, Savannah, Millen, Charleston and Florence.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

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CHAPTER LII.

FIRST DAYS AT FLORENCE.

It did not require a very acute comprehension to understand that the stockade at which we were gazing was likely to be our abiding place for some indefinite period in the future. To several in our thousand this knowledge came so crushingly that life went out beneath the blow. They lay back upon the frozen ground and died.

Andrews and I were not in the humor for dying just then. The long imprisonment, the privations of hunger, the scourging by the elements, the death of four out of every five of our number had indeed dulled and stupefied us—bred an indifference to our own suffering and a seeming callosity to that of others, but there still burned in our hearts, and in the hearts of every one about us, a dull, sullen, smoldering fire of hate and defiance toward everything Rebel, and a lust for revenge upon those who had showered woes upon our heads. There was little fear of death; even the King of Terrors loses most of his awful character upon tolerably close acquaintance, and we had been on very intimate terms with him for a year now. He was a constant visitor, who dropped in upon us at all hours of the day and night, and would not be denied to any one. Since my entry into prison fully 15,000 boys had died around me, and in no one of them had I seen the least dread or reluctance to go. I believe this is generally true of death by disease, everywhere. Our ever kindly mother, Nature, only makes us dread death when she desires us to preserve life. When she summons us hence, she tenderly provides that we shall willingly obey the call.

More than for anything else, we wanted to live now to triumph over the Rebels. To simply die would be of little importance, but to die unrevenged would be fearful. If we, the despised, the contemned, the insulted, the starved and maltreated, could live to come back to our oppressors as the armed ministers of retribution, terrible in the remembrance of the wrongs of ourselves and comrades, irresistible as the agents of heavenly justice, and mete out to them that Biblical return of seven-fold of what they had measured out to us, then we would be content to go to death—*afterwards*. Had the thrice-accursed Confederacy, and its malignant gaolers millions of lives, our great revenge would have stomach for them all.

The December morning was gray, leaden and cheerless. The ground, frozen hard and stiff, cut and hurt our bare feet at every step; an icy breeze drove in through the holes in our rags, and smote our bodies like blows from sticks. The trees and shrubbery around were as naked and forlorn as in the North in the dreary days of early Winter before the snow comes. The peculiar characteristic, sickening odor of the Southern forests in Winter hung over us like a cold malaria. The stockade rose up out of the naked, unlovely earth, in hideous ugliness. About it shambled the guards, blanketed like Indians, and with faces and hearts of wolves. Other Rebels—also clad in dingy butternut—slouched around lazily, crouched over diminutive fires, and talked idle gossip in the broadest of "nigger" dialect. Officers swelled and strutted hither and thither, and negro servants loitered around, striving to spread the least amount of work over the greatest amount of time. At the gate the two men continued at their monotonous labor of tossing the dead of the previous day into the wagon—heaving into that rude hearse the inanimate remains that had once tempted gallant, manly hearts, glowing with patriotism and devotion to country.

While I stood gazing in gloomy silence at the depressing surroundings, Andrews, less speculative and more practical, saw a good-sized pine stump near by, which had so much of the earth washed away from it that it looked as if it could be readily pulled up. We had had bitter experience in other prisons as to the value of wood, and Andrews reasoned that as we would be likely to have a repetition of this in the stockade we were about to enter, we should make an effort to secure the stump. We both attacked it, and after a great deal of hard work succeeded in uprooting it. It was very lucky that we did, since it was the greatest help in preserving our lives through the three long months that we remained at Florence.

While we were arranging our stump so as to carry it to the best advantage, a vulgar-faced man, with fiery red hair, and wearing on his collar the yellow bars of a Lieutenant, approached. This was Lieut. Barrett, commandant of the interior of the prison, and a more inhuman wretch even than Capt. Wirz, because he had a little more brains than the commandant at Andersonville, and this extra intellect was wholly devoted to cruelty. As he came near he commanded in loud, brutal tones:

"Attention, Prisoners!"

We all stood up and fell in in two ranks. Said he:

"By companies, right wheel, march!"

This was simply preposterous. As every soldier knows, wheeling by companies is one of the most difficult of manuvers, and requires some little preparation of a battalion before attempting to execute it. Our 1,000 was made up of infantry, cavalry and artillery, representing perhaps 100 different regiments. We had not been divided off into companies, and were carrying lots of blankets, tents, cooking utensils, wood, etc., which prevented our moving with such freedom as to make a company wheel, even had we been divided up into companies and drilled for the manuver. The attempt to obey the order was, of course, a ludicrous failure. The Rebel officers standing near Barrett laughed openly at his stupidity in giving such an order, but he was furious. He hurled at us a torrent of the vilest abuse the corrupt imagination of man can conceive, and swore until he was fairly black in the face. He fired his revolver off over our heads, and shrieked and shouted until he had to stop from sheer exhaustion. Another officer took command then, and marched us into prison.

We found this a small copy of Andersonville. There was a stream running north and south, on either side of which was a swamp. A stockade of rough logs, with the bark still on, inclosed several acres. The front of the prison was toward the West. A piece of artillery stood in front of the gate, and a platform at each corner bore a gun, elevated high enough to rake the whole inside of the prison. A man stood behind each of these guns continually, so as to open with them at any moment. The earth was thrown up against the outside of the palisades in a high embankment, along the top of which the guards on duty walked, it being high enough to elevate their head, shoulders and breasts above the tops of the logs. Inside the inevitable dead-line was traced by running a furrow around the prison—20 feet from the stockade—with a plow. In one respect it was an improvement on Andersonville: regular streets were laid off, so that motion about the camp was possible, and cleanliness was promoted. The crowd inside was not so dense as at Camp Sumter.

The prisoners were divided into Hundreds and Thousands, with Sergeants at the heads of the divisions. A very good police force—organized and officered by prisoners—maintained order and prevented crime. Thefts and other offenses were punished, as at Andersonville, by the Chief of Police sentencing the offenders to be spanked or tied up.

We found very many of our Andersonville acquaintances inside, and for a few days comparisons of experience were in order. They had left Andersonville a few days after us, but were taken to Charleston instead of Savannah. The same story of exchange was dinned into their ears until they arrived at Charleston, when the truth was told them, that no exchange was contemplated, and that they had been deceived for the purpose of getting them safely out of reach of Sherman.

Still they were treated well in Charleston—better than they had been anywhere else. Intelligent physicians had visited the sick, prescribed for them, furnished them with proper medicines, and admitted the worst cases to the hospital, where they were given something of the care that one would expect in such an institution. Wheat bread, molasses and rice were issued to them, and also a few spoonfuls of vinegar, daily, which was very grateful to them in their scorbutic condition. The citizens sent in clothing, food and vegetables. The Sisters of Charity were indefatigable in ministering to the sick and dying.

Despite the disgreeable prominence which the City had in the Secession movement, there was a very strong Union element there, and many men found opportunity to do favors to the prisoners and reveal to them how much they abherred Secession.

After they had been in Charleston a fortnight or more, the yellow fever broke out in the City, and soon extended its ravages to the prisoners, quite a number dying from it.

Early in October they had been sent away from the City to their present location, which was then a piece of forest land. There was no stockade or other enclosure about them, and one night they forced the guard-line, about 1,500 escaping, under a pretty sharp fire from the guards. After getting out they scattered, each group taking a different route, some seaking Beaufort, and other places along the seaboard, and the rest trying to gain the mountains. The whole State was thrown into the greatest perturbation by this occurrence. The papers magnified the proportion of the outbreak, and lauded fulsomely the gallantry of the guards in endeavoring to withstand the desperate assault of the frenzied Yankees. The people were wrought up into the highest alarm as to outrages and excesses that these flying desperados might be expected to commit. One would think that apothet Grecian horse, introduced into the heart of the Confederate Troy, had let out its fatal band of armed men. All good citizens were enjoined to turn out and assist in arresting the runways. The vigilance of all patrol, was redoubled, and such was the effectiveness of the measures taken that before a month, nearly every one of the fugitives had been retaken and sent back to Florence. Few of these complained of any special ill-treatment by their captors, while many reported frequent acts of kindness, especially when their captors belonged to the middle and upper classes. The low-down class—the clay-eaters—on the other hand, almost always abused their prisoners, and sometimes, it is pretty certain, murdered them in cold blood.

About this time, Winder came on from Andersonville, and then everything changed immediately to the complexion of that place. He began the erection of the stockade, and made it very strong. The dead line was established, but instead of being a strip of plank upon the top of low posts, as at Andersonville, it was simply a shallow trench, which was sometimes plainly visible, and sometimes not. The guards always resolved matters of doubt against the prisoners, and fired on them when they supposed them too near the place where the dead line ought to be. Fifteen acres of ground were enclosed by the palisades, of which five were taken up by the creek and swamp, and three or four more by the dead line, main streets, etc., leaving about seven or eight for the actual use of the prisoners, whose number swelled to 15,000 by the arrivals from Andersonville. This made the crowding together nearly as bad as at the latter place, and for awhile the same fatal results followed. The mortality, and the sending away of several thousand on the sick exchange, reduced the aggregate number at the time of our arrival to 10,000 which gave more room to all, but was still not one-twentieth of the space which that number of men should have.

No shelter, nor material for constructing any, was furnished. The ground was rather thickly wooded, and covered with undergrowth, when the stockade was built, and certainly no bit of soil was ever so thoroughly cleared as this was. The trees and brush were cut down and worked up into hut building materials by the same slow and laborious process that I have described as employed in building our huts at Millen.

Then the stumps were attacked for fuel, and with such persistent thoroughness that after some weeks there was certainly not enough woody material left in that whole 15 acres of ground to kindle a small kitchen fire. Ten men would begin work on the stump of a good sized tree, and chip and split it off painfully and slowly until they had followed it to the extremity of the tap root 10 or 15 feet below the surface. The lateral roots would be followed with equal determination, and trenches 30 feet long, and two or three feet deep were dug with case-knife and half-canteen, to get a root as thick as one's wrist. The roots of shrubs and vines were followed up and gathered with similar industry. The cold weather and the scanty issues of wood forced men to do this.

The huts constructed were as various as the materials and the tastes of the builders. Those who were fortunate enough to get plenty of timber built such cabins as I have described at Millen. Those who had less eked out their materials in various ways. Most frequently all that a squad of three or four fellows could get would be a few slender poles and some brush. They would dig a hole in the ground two feet deep and large enough for them alll to lie in. Then putting up a stick at each end and laying a ridge pole across, they would adjust the rest of their material so as to form sloping sides capable of supporting earth enough to make a water tight roof. The great majority were not so well off as these, and had absolutely nothing of which to build. They had recourse to the clay of the swamp, from which they fashioned rude sun-dried bricks, and made adobe houses, shaped like a bee hive, which lasted very well until a hard rain came, when they dissolved into red mire about the bodies of their miserable inmates.

Remember that all these makeshifts were practiced within a half a mile of an almost boundless forest, from which in a day's time the camp could have been supplied with material enough to give every man a comfortable hut.

CHAPTER LII.

OUR RED HEADED KEEPER.

Winder had found in Barrett even a better tool for his cruel purposes than Wirz. The two resembled each other in many respects. They were both absolutely destitute of any talent for commanding men. They could no more handle even 1,000 men properly, than a cabin boy could navigate a great ocean steamer. They were given to the same senseless fits of insane rage, coming and going without apparent cause, during which they fired revolvers and guns or threw clubs into crowds of prisoners or knocked down such as were within reach of their fists. These exhibitions were such as an overgrown child might be expected to make. They did not secure any result except to increase the prisoners' wonder that such ill-tempered fools could be given any position of responsibility.

A short time previous to our entry Barrett thought he had reason to suspect a tunnel. He immediately announced that no more rations should be issued until the whereabouts of the tunnel were revealed and the ringleaders in the attempt to escape delivered up to him. The rations at that time were very scanty, so that the first day they were cut off the sufferings were fearful. The boys thought he would surely relent the next day, but they did not yet know their man. *He* was not suffering any, why should he relax his severity? He strolled leisurely out from his dinner table, picking his teeth with his penknife in the comfortable, self-satisfied way of a man who has just filled his stomach to his entire content—an attitude and an air that was simply maddening to the famishing wretches, of whom he inquired tantalizingly:

"Ef ye're hungry enough to give up them G—d d—d s—s of b—s yet?"

That night 13,000 men, crazy, fainting with hunger, walked hither and thither, until exhaustion forced them to become quiet, sat on the ground and pressed their bowels in by leaning against sticks of wood laid across their thighs; trooped to the creek and drank water until their gorges rose and they could swallow no more—did everything in fact that imagination could suggest—to assuage the pangs of the deadly gnawing that was consuming their vitals. All the cruelties of the terrible Spanish Inquisition, if heaped together, would not sum up a greater aggregate of anguish than was endured by those men. The third day came, and still no signs of yielding by Barrett. The Sergeants counseled together. Something must be done. The fellow would starve the whole camp to death with as little compunction as one drowns blind puppies. It was necessary to get up a tunnel to show Barrett, and to get boys who would confess to being leaders in the work. A number of gallant fellows volunteered to brave Barrett's wrath and save the rest of their comrades. It required high courage to do this, as there was no question that the punishment meted out would be as fearful as the cruel mind of Barrett could conceive. The Sergeants decided that four would be sufficient to answer the purpose; they selected these by lot, marched them to the gate and delivered them over to Barrett, who thereupon ordered the rations to be sent in. He was considerate enough, too, to feed the men he was going to torture.

The starving men in the stockade could not wait after the rations were issued to cook them, but in many instances mixed the meal up with water, and swallowed it raw. Frequently their stomachs, irritated by the long fast, rejected the mess, and very many had reached the stage when they loathed food; a burning fever was consuming them, and seething their brains with delirium. Hundreds died within a few days, and hundreds more were so debilitated by the terrible strain that they did not linger long afterward.

The boys who had offered themselves as a sacrifice for the rest, were put into a guard house, and kept over night that Barrett might make a day of the amusement of torturing them. After he had laid in a hearty breakfast, and doubtless fortified himself with some of the villainous sorghum whisky, which the Rebels were now reduced to drinking, he set about his entertainment.

The devoted four were brought out—one by one—and their hands tied together behind their backs. Then a noose of a slender, strong hemp rope was slipped over the first one's thumbs and drawn tight, after which the rope was thrown over a log projecting from the roof of the guard house, and two or three Rebels hauled upon it until the miserable Yankee was lifted from the ground, and hung suspended by the thumbs, while his weight seemed tearing his limbs from his shoulder blades. The other three were treated in the same manner.

The agony was simply exeruciating. The boys were brave, and had resolved to stand their punishment without a groan, but this was too much for human endurance. Their will was strong, but nature could not be denied, and they shrieked aloud so pitifully that a young Reserve standing near fainted. Each one screamed.

"For God's sake, kill me! kill me! Shoot me if you want to, but let me down from here!"

The only effect of this upon Barrett was to light up his brutal face with a leer of fiendish satisfaction. He said to the guards with a gleeful wink:

"By God, I'll learn these Yanks to be more afeard of me than of the old devil himself. They'll soon understand that I'm not the man to fool with. I'm old yizen, I am, when I git started

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1879.

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Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW CLUBBING rates on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY TWO WEEKS.

SHOULD the Democrats secure the Legislature, EWING will claim the Senatorship, and THURMAN may be left in the cold to meditate upon that unfortunate currency bill.

A NUMBER of the most respectable hackmen in New York City have formed what they call a Coaching Club, and agreed to wear green coats with brass buttons, and also tall white hats.

SEN. CHANDLER is going to stump Ohio this Fall. He says that he is an out-and-out Foster man, for "FOSTER has shown fruits meet for repentance. He is now on the stool of repentance, and I believe in the saving of sinners."

THE President has laid the findings of the Fitz John Porter Commission before Congress, without recommendation. This gives the Confederate Brigadiers an opportunity to exonerate and rehabilitate a man who was convicted of what was not in their eyes a very grievous offense, that of not doing his soldierly duty on the field of battle against the Confederacy. No doubt they will restore him to his rank in the army and grant him his full pay and allowances for the time that has elapsed since his cashiering. The decision of the little clique of West Pointers, who are bound to stand by each other under all circumstances, does not alter the belief of all soldiers and all men who have familiarized themselves with the facts in the case, that FITZ JOHN PORTER was a deliberate traitor, and richly deserved to be shot.

THE hint that JEFF DAVIS is not exactly a Chevalier BAYARD, or that Ku Klux murderers of Union men are unpleasantly common in the South, is to show a fiendish desire to "rekindle the hellish fires of sectional hate," but that bright gem of Southern journalism, the Louisville *Courier Journal*, can incidentally allude to the principal men and all the women of one of the foremost States of the Union in the following brutal terms without calling forth anything but admiring comment from the lickspittle Democratic press of the North:

> Charlie Foster is a rough, good humored, coarse grained man, with popular manners and no scruples; like the President, a natural strumpet, who can never fail to be popular in a State where the debasement of women has become a popular science.

PUBLISHING OF MARRIAGE CONTRACTS.

Within the past few months the Parliament of Great Britain has passed an act making it incumbent upon those contemplating matrimony to place upon the outside of the office of the Recorder a printed or written notice of such intention, which shall remain there for ten consecutive days, and then a certificate can be issued and the religious ceremony take place.

Now this arrangement, designed to accomplish great good without doubt, by preventing runaway matches, sometimes works an infinite amount of woe. The poster must remain on the wall ten consecutive days. Should any accident cause the disappearance of the aforesaid paper even though it be restored within 24 hours, the numbering of the days will have to begin over again. Any trouble of this kind is not of course liable to occur frequently, but that it is possible is proved by the following incident related in the N. Y. *World*:

> "It seems that in the beginning of May—and the event may be cited in support of the proverb about the unlucky character of that month so far as wedlock is concerned—a couple in the town of Kelso issued cards of invitation for their marriage ceremony and reception, applying at the same time for the lawful certificate under the new act of Parliament. The prescribed form of intimation was duly placarded, and six of the seven days had passed when in the night-time some evil-disposed person—presumably a mean and disappointed rival of the expectant groom—craftily and wickedly pulled down and carried off the advertisement-board and the notice affixed to it, not has any trace or account of the document since been found. Great was the consternation of the groom and priests were the hysterics of the bride when, upon hearing of the disaster, advocates learned in the law agreed on all sides that the publication must be recommenced all over again, because the statute explicitly says "10 consecutive days." It is so writ in the act.

Scotland is decidedly disturbed about the matter, and it is becoming a serious question whether two souls that long to become one shall be left so entirely at the mercy of malicious people, or merry boys, who would perpetrate such an act through sheer love of mischief. So down to the depths are the feelings of the people moved that it is possible the result may be an appeal to Parliament for a modification of the obnoxious order, or at least the abrogation of the arbitrary word "consecutive."

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

Brevet Maj. Gen. THOMAS H. EWING, Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio, is the third son of the late Hon. THOMAS EWING, a prominent Whig statesman of a quarter of a century ago. THOMAS H. EWING was born at Lancaster, O., August 11, 1829, and is consequently in his 51st year. He graduated from Brown University and the Cincinnati Law School. He emigrated to Kansas in 1856, and began the practice of the law in Leavenworth. Associated with him were one of his brothers and his brother-in-law, Captain—now General—W. T. SHERMAN. In 1862 he became Colonel of the 11th Kansas infantry, and commanded it in the battles of Fort Wayne, Cane Hill and Prairie Grove. His good conduct at the latter engagement secured his promotion to Brigadier-General. He subsequently did good service in suppressing the guerilla bands af Western Missouri, which he did with such effective severity as to bring him into very bad odor with the whole Democratic press of the North, which screeched with sympathetic pain every time he stretched a Border Ruffian's neck.

His greatest exploit in soldiership was withstanding at Pilot Khob, with one raw infantry regiment, two companies of cavalry and a battery of artillery, in all numbering but 1,060 men, the assault of the whole of SHELBY and MARMADUKE'S commands of PRICE'S army. The obstinancy of his resistance delayed the Rebel advance on St. Louis and unveiled the Rebel commander's plans so much as to bring the expedition to naught. EWING was brevetted a Major General for this. Gen. EWING'S military career, though not very extended nor embracing as much service as that of the majority of men who attained his rank, was still quite brilliant and honorable. Since the war he has been practicing law and speculating in coal and iron lands, in which last he is believed to have been quite unfortunate, and this turned his attention to the greenback idea—the idea of making the whole peple remburse his losses, by diluting the currency so that he can come out whole from his unfortunate investments.

Gen. AMERICUS VESPUCIUS RICE, was born, we believe, at Kalida, Putnam County, his father being CLARK H. RICE a country banker and broker, of that place. Mr. RICE went out in April 1861, as a Captain in the 21st Ohio, when it was discharged after three months of service he took his company in the 57th Ohio. He was a good soldier and the regiment—after it got rid of the bummer politicians who went out in command of it,—was one of the best that went from the State. It attained some notoriety from its being the only Ohio regiment that cast a majority of votes for VALLANDINGHAM, in 1863. Capt. RICE was successlively promoted to Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and finally to Brigadier-General. He lost a leg on the Atlanta Campaign. Since the war Gen. RICE has been carrying on the banking business at Ottawa, Putnam County. He served two terms in Congress, but was defeated for renomination for the third. Gen. RICE is a pleasant, agreeable gentleman, but of no great ability in any direction, and of no special personal magnetism.

COLONIZATION SCHEME.

An Irish colonization scheme is maturing in New York for the purpose of sending Irish Catholic people into the West and settling them upon lands there, which may, in process of time, become their own property. To further this plan a meeting was held in that City last Friday night, that was largely attended, and a subscription started to raise the sum of $100,000, that was to constitute the capital stock of the Company and be divided into shares of $100 each. It is not designed to put any money in the hands of the colonist, but a quarter section of land is to be marked out and a cottage built thereon: 40 acres of land are to be plowed, and in the following Spring he is to be placed there, and can go to work planting his seed and getting more land ready for cultivation. In the Autumn the harvest will be ready, and he may exchange it for ready money. With such assistance the future is assured for the colonist if he is sober and industrious. The years allowed him to pay for his land and improvements will be sufficient to place him upon the road to independence, while the association holds the farm as its security.

BISHOP IRELAND explained this scheme at length to the meeting, and it was received with great enthusiasm. He said that the Irish were naturally an agricultural people and entirely unfitted for a city life. He spoke of a new Ireland having sprung up in the West with a Dublin, a Kildare, and a Caskel. "They entered a train at Clontarf and got off at Avoca."

The scheme seems to be an excellent one if it can be carried into execution. It is true that the mortality among the Irish in Cities is something frightful. It is also true that no class of people can ever become in the highest degree prosperous without being owners of the soil upon which they live. The troubles in the old country come largely from the fact that two-thirds of the land there belongs to he English. There is little question but that the originators and promoters of this movement have found the right way to improve the condition of the Irish Catholics in this country, and persevered in, the result will be all that can be hoped for or expected.

MR. PACKER'S BEQUESTS.

It is always an easy thing to stand at one side and criticise the acts of another person, under certain circumstances, saying that some other course of conduct would have been the better one, and the result obtained more satisfactory. No two individuals view things exactly in the same light, neither can one individual measure the strength or influence of the motives that sway his neighbor's actions. Nor can he properly estimate the effect of certain actions compared with the result of another course, because the circumstances may be so entirely different in the two cases. It needs, therefore, a broad charity in contemplating the conduct of other people, and passing judgment upon what they do.

The same thing is as true of the action that affects the many as of those of single persons. Perhaps nothing calls forth more adverse and varied criticisms than the bequests of wealthy individuals, who are moved to try to do some good to their fellow-creatures. This has recently been made evident by the case of ASA PACKER who left by will some $2[illegible]0,000 to be added to what he had already given for the founding of Lehigh University. The question which has been most earnestly discussed is, that while the generosity of Mr. PACKER is fully acknowledged and admired, whether it would not have been better, and done far more good, to have given his magnificent bequest to some college already firmly established, rather than to found a new one, which it would take years to gain a position to accomplish what Mr. PACKER desired. That there all already too many colleges in the country, who occupy a mediocre place, cannot be denied, and Lehigh University only adds another to the list, although it is so magnificently endowed and so well conducted.

Another grand thing to have done in the absence of any well executed laws for compulsory education, was to establish schools for the benefit of the children who cannot or will not avail themselves of the privileges of the public system. Industrial institutions conducted upon a somewhat different plan, might do a great good to a class which is growing up to take their places in the community totally unprepared to perform the duties exacted from every American citizen.

MR. PACKER, however, looked upon the endowment of Lehigh University which renders it so entirely independent, while it affords its advantages without cost to the student, as the means of doing the greatest good to the largest number of individuals, and his memory cannot but be regarded with the reverent admiration which such disinterested generosity deserves.

THE DEMOCRATIC BURDENS.

The work of the Democratic Convention at Columbus last Wednesday was a blunder of the same nature, though much greater in degree, as that made by the Republicans two years ago. Then, the inexperienced men whom accident had made prominent in the leadership of the party, became panic-stricken by the news of the labor troubles through the country, and hastened to commit the party to utterances and doctrines that were simply abhorrent to every man who habitually earned a support for himself and family.

Now the Democrats, in their desperate efforts to clutch the Greenback vote, go to such lengths as must deprive them of the sympathy and support of that very large proportion of their party who believe in a currency with a fixed value, and that no interference shall be permitted with a financial condition which it has cost us so much to attain. The absoluteness of the surrender to the most dangerous of heresies is evidenced both by nominations and the platform. The nominee for Governor is a man who has achieved all the prominence he enjoys—not by any force of character or abilities, not by elequence or statemanship, but simply because he has cast off the restrain of common sense, and gone farther in support of the fatuous nonsense of inflation than any other man of equal standing in the State. Other prominent Democratic politicians have given a politic support to Rag Babyism, always maintaining an attitude that would permit a creditable retreat as soon as the position became untenable, which their good sense taught them was liable to happen at any moment. EWING has made no such a reservation. He has advocated Greenbackism as if he really meant it. He has argued for inflation as if he was convinced of its efficacy, and this exceptional position among men of sense and education has drawn much attention to him.

Gen. RICE, the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, is also a pronounced Greenbacker, but this is not so astonishing in him as in EWING, since he is not a man of as much ability, nor has he the advantages of EWING'S education and experience with the world. He advocates inflation simply because it is the party policy to do so, not that he has ever made any careful examination of its merits, or could formulate any comparison of the relative benefits of the two systems.

The platform goes to the fullest extreme of Greenbackism, and leaves nothing more for the wildest Fiatist to ask, unless it be that it does not propose to immediately upheave our financial system by radical changes in the issue of currency, but proposes to leave that to some indefinite time. It enunciates the heresy in its most obnoxious form, and without qualification or modification.

The issue thus presented to the people of Ohio is simplified wonderfully. It is not a question of men or politics, so much as a choice between the worst and the best. The people of Ohio are asked whether they will not only indorse all the enormities of the present majority in Congress, but pile Osson on Pelion by adding to it the flagrant outrage of Fiatism. One of these burdens would be ample load for the Democracy of this State to carry. It has nobody but its own managers to thank for the crushing double weight with which it is handicapped. The party, like ISSACHAR, is a strong ass, but there is a limit to the strength of its back, and the managers have certainly found it. They have made Republican success very sure.

THE QUINIA TAX.

A letter to the New York *Times* a few days ago contains some cogent reasoning against the excessive tax upon quinia which causes the price of that article to be maintained at its present high standing. Now that it has become so much a thing of necessity, the matter grows in importance with each year that goes by, and at a time like that of last Summer when the yellow fever was committing such ravages in the Southern States and quinia was considered so indispensable, its cheapening appeared of vital interest to the whole Nation.

The tax upon quinia is 30 per cent., for the imposition of which there seems no adequate reason, except to benefit the manufacturers, since the United States Treasury gets very small returns from the drug. According to the official returns of 1878, the total revenue derived was $10,171, hardly enough to make it seem reasonable or necessary for the people to pay the present high price demanded for quinia.

Its manufacture is monopolized by two firms, who, it is calculated, sell 1,000,000 ounces annually. Upon this amount the tax, which does not go into the Treasury, but into the pockets of these men, is somewhere near $650,000, which, added to the profit of the drug itself, makes a showing of extravagant gains upon what is not a luxury but a necessity for the people of this country.

One excuse offered for keeping the tax at 30 per cent. is that the alcohol used in its manufacture is subject to a duty of 200 per cent., but it has been ascertained that fusel oil is employed instead of the spirit itself, and this, comparatively speaking, "runs waste in the distilleries." There is no reason then why, with free bark and fusel oil, it could not be made as cheap here as in England, when the facts are that in London, quinia is sold at such a price that it could be brought here and sold at a profit at $2.75 per ounce, while the American firms ask about $3.40.

A bill has been brought before Congress several times to make a change in this matter but to no purpose. One introduced in December last by Mr. MORRISON was referred to the Ways and Means Committee but was not considered during the session. As things now stand there does not seem much hope of any reduction or abolition of the tax, so that people must pay the present high price of quinia, suffer and shake without it, or find some substitute.

A HOPELESS RACE.

Republicans have every reason to be satisfied with the Democratic ticket. EWING is a failure as a political leader, as has been demonstrated repeatedly. He seems to lack every requisite: Strong personal attractions, or commanding ability to organize campaigns, and secure following. He lives in one of the strongest Democratic Districts in Ohio, and yet the majority there has dwindled down from 5,067, when he ran in 1876, to 434 last year. And, last year, though the Democracy had a State ticket of little strength, and not at all popular in that section of the State, EWING ran behind it in his own and every County in the District, except Hocking, where he led the Secretary of State enough to reduce the latter's lead in the District to 77. Here are the figures:

	Ewing.	Dem. Sec. of State.	Ewing behind
Fairfield	4,354	4,365	11
Galion	2,292	2,257	41
Hocking	1,951	1,820	93
Meigs	2,328	2,425	97
Vinton	1,754	1,695	61
	12,679	12,756	

This is certainly a desperate showing for a man whose personality is supposed to be a tower of strength to his own party, and who received the nomination on the strength of presumed ability to attract numbers to his standard. In Congress, Gen. EWING has been still more unfortunate. He has absolutely no following there. It has not happened that any measure introduced by him has received any considerable support, and none has attracted attention. His standing at the organization of the present Congress was not such as to secure him first class places on the Committees, and he has not improved his rating since. He does not seem to be a man capable of improving. His last state is always worse than his first. His perhelion was attained 15 years ago, when he made his brilliant defense of Pilot Knob, and since his star has been waning. It waned in the Republican party; the prestige of his being a son of Old Tom. EWING, and of his one successful battle was not sufficient to buoy him up forever, and at last he tried defection to the Democracy as a means of resuscitation. As the sensation produced by the plunge of this big fish into the waters subsided; and the Democrats took his measure upon close and cool examination, he essayed another revival by and enlistment under the Greenback banner. These episodes in his career show conclusively that he lacks that "staying," "growing" character essential to every man, who would be successful in political life. There are radical defects in his nature which alienate and drive men away from him, and which drive him away from the best men and the best methods of any party he may be associated with.

Gen. RICE'S experience has not been so extended, nor an varied, but it has not been much happier. He was taken up by his party, on his military record, and sent to Congress twice. He polled the regular Democratic vote—no more, no less—infused no special interest into the canvass, attracted nobody to him, drove none away, made no friends, created no enemies. At the end of his second term he tried to secure a renomination, but the leaders of the party had other views. He was set aside decisively—almost contemptuously, his own County did not support him in Convention, and the nomination was given to an empty-headed, obscure lawyer of Defiance, named W. D. HILL.

This proposition is undeniable: the Democrats can not carry Ohio unless they can attract many more voters than are habitually within their lines. There is nothing in the *personelle* or past career of either Gens. EWING or RICE to give ground for the expectation that they can poll a single vote more that the party's normal strength, even though they were opposed by candidates as little magnetic as they themselves are, which is far from the case as regards Messrs. FOSTER and HICKENLOOPER, and we can not see wherein any reasonable Democrat can find basis for hope of success this Fall.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

It has been for so long a period the dream of navigators to find a Northern passage from Ocean to Ocean through the Arctic Seas, and so many futile attempts have been made that the general public has almost ceased to feel any deep interest in the undertaking. It has never, however, entirely ceased to occupy the minds of explorers, and when Prof. NORDENSKJOLD set out on his expedition last Summer not a few people followed his departure with earnest wishes for his success.

In October he was heard from at the mouth of Lena River, having got that distance upon his perilous way. Then passed the long, dreary months of Winter, when no word came of the welfare of the brave adventurers, and the most dismal forebodings were indulged in as to their fate. The fact that the distance from the Lena River to the Behrings Straits had already been explored was not remembered, but as the Professor had not accomplished the voyage at the time in which he had expected to be able to do so, the fear that he and his companions had perished became very strong and vessels were fitted out to go upon what many thought would be as fruitless a search as those for Sir JOHN FRANKLIN.

News has come, however, that he has accomplished his undertaking and arrived at Behrings Straits, thus demonstrating the existence of a Northeastern passage from ocean to ocean. Open water stretches across the whole Northern limit of Asia, and the Arctic world is no longer a closed mystery. The honor of first making a certainty of what, up to this time, has been only a theory, belongs to Prof. NORDENSKJOLD. His success will prove a great encouragement to other Arctic explorers, who will enter into new enterprises with renewed energy and enthusiasm. Meanwhile the story of the voyage of the Swedish discoverer is awaited everywhere with intense anxiety and interest.

THE SANITARY OF CAMP.

Read by J. T. Woods, Surgeon Sixteenth Regiment, O. N. G., at a Meeting of the Officers of the Regiment, Held in Toledo, O., May 23, 1879.

It is well known that in actual campaigning more men die of disease than from wounds. To lessen this loss of life is the province of sanitary science and the purpose of sanitarians. The results of this humanitarian effort prompted and against the keenest prejudice maintained by the medical profession, has its perfect demonstration, for compared with previous wars the experience of the Federal army in the campaigns for the Union stands forth as a model and a wonder.

In no previous war and in no other army had such care been taken of troops in the field, and no approach to such care of the sick and wounded. But the work is only begun and its vast results scarcely appreciated, save by those who have occasion to compare the past with the present experience of the campaigner. The only choice lies between abandoning the sick and wounded or taking care of the sufferers. Even in comparatively recent years great commanders have not hesitated to adopt to a very great degree, the first cruel alternative, for every disabled man takes not only a musket from the ranks, but requires one or more able bodied men to take care of him, to which is added that bane of campaigning, greatly increased transportation. All the strength thus lost being doubled in the power given by the enemy.

But the paramount interest in the whole case, considered both from a military and humanitarian standpoint is so far as possible to *prevent men from becoming sick*, and secondly, to save the lives and usefulness of those who suffer from either sickness or injury.

The first only of these subjects is before us for consideration as presented in the subject assigned me

THE SANITARY OF THE CAMP.

I must confess that in many ways the details of sanitary plans are difficult of application either in camp or campaigning. Not as the greater always includes the less, I may be pardoned for alluding to that experience in which most of those present have named that the first few weeks or months is very disastrous to the fresh volunteer soldiers, that from among them a very large fraction of really good men break down in the process of becoming inured to their new mode of life and its exacting duties. The same observations will show that a part of the causes that brought about these results were irregularities in eating and sleeping, change in kind and quality of food, change in cookery, overwork, exposure to cold and moisture, sleeping on the damp ground, in short, the general deprivation of life's necessaries and comforts, and the breaking up of every form of regular habits.

In discussing my theme, it is my purpose to refer briefly to a few features of one week's militia encampment, in which it occurs to me that much might be gained by observance of sanitary, or possibly I might say of common sense principles, the persistent violation of which is divided between the example set by regular army usages on the one hand and the folly of officers and men on the other.

Granting that in a multiplicity of conditions occurring in campaigning the operation of these causes are unavoidable, there still remains the clear fact that so soon as it is all practicable the greatest care in this regard should be observed. Surely there can be no doubt, in case of a command that is composed of men who, without recompense and solely for the ultimate benefit of a State that persistently declines to meet the expense incurred, leave their workshops and farms for the experience of a single week in camp, after which they are to return to their former employment by which they earn a livelihood for themselves and families. For this op ortunity to prepare themselves to serve those who stay at home, no man desires to run extraordinary risk of being sick, and to lessen the chances of such result as far as circumstances will permit, is clearly, the duty of each and all, and in the consideration of methods, we must keep constantly in mind that, that which can be easily and safely done by men who are inured to service will crush the life out of the raw recruit.

Every one knows for it is our common civil life experience that sleep is essential to vigor, that loss of a single night's rest leaves us enfeebled and unfit for severe duty on the following day. By an inimitable law whether at labor or rest the recuperation brought about by sleep is essential, but if in addition to its loss, severe labor be added, and especially when other disadvantagous conditions are present, t ere can be but one result.

This is shown in those unaccustomed to camp life in the fact that the major part of the men who fall and faint in the march or drill, are those that have carousedon the previous night or nights, have foolishly dallied away the proper hours of rest or have been prevented from sleeping and resting by camp revelers. The idea that an encampment is an occasion for reckless jollity, simply a good season, should everywhere be stamped out, at least to the extent that all who are not on duty may have ample opportunity to sleep. No man should be allowed to disturb another. After "taps," silence should reign supreme from headquarters to the last tent of the private.

In connection with the question of sleep, I object to the unreasonable hour for "reveille." This objection rests first on habit, the violation of which is damaging, and secondly, that it unreasonably and unnecessarily cuts short the best time for sleep. Our previous habits are not changed in a week, and not one man in 20 habitually rises until after the usual reveille. It is thrust upon men at the very time when all irregularities of the camp have subsided, when because of lax discipline the earlier hours have been noisy, they are obtaining the needed rest in the morning, the reveille goes shrieking through a camp and is answered by grumblings that plainly tell it is torture.

A half an hour, or even an hour's morning sleep beyond that of the usual reveille, in a single week's encampment, will I am sure be both practical in every possible sense. What is to be gained by turning out men so early that they are spiritless, so stripped of strength that they are all indisposed or unable to perform the duties of the day. The fact is that men drawn directly from the walks of civil life will until they become inured to the multiplicaty of changes in habit require not less than eight hours undisturbed sleep, and they will do more work in the remaining 16 for having had it. Nature demands it imperatively and the commandant of a camp should if possible secure it.

Not less important is the change of diet. The food usually furnished is insufficient in quantity and variety, bad in quality and in cookery.

It is true that soldiers should not expect to be fed like princes, but these defects are severe on men fresh from tables well supplied. After a year's campaigning we would not notice them, but the system would have had their private company mess, their whole arrangement being the most perfect I have seen. I would respectfully urge on those who have charge of the Commissary Department, that they see to it that these objectionable features are not repeated, as they furnish an unnecessary cause of sickness in the command.

Now a room to a tent, from a mattrass to a blanket on the ground, is a change that is always perilous. This danger is much increased by cold and wet, to which a camp is always subject. What the old soldier has done with impunity is not at all parallel, but what is safe and best for a man to do for a single night or for six successsve nights is the question. I am confident that a large portion of camp ailments are either caused or aided in development by sleeping on the ground, or with insufficient under bedding. As far as it is practicable, I insist that this objectionable feature be removed from the encamping of the Sixteenth Regiment. I not only desire to call the attention of officers to it, but earnestly request that they view it in a practical light. I should be glad to see some uniform system or method adopted, and on this point have a suggestion to offer. Bunks and cots are impracticable in the first place, and in the second my experience with a cot is unsatisfactory. I could wish a man nothing worse than to sleep on a common cot without a mattrass on a cold, damp night. Loose straw, even with boards beneath it, becomes damp, looks bad, and is uncomfortable. It has, however, occurred to me that if *each two men* would supply themselves with a common bed-tick made large enough to serve them, they might be satisfactorily utilized, made from common ticking, say —— feet wide by —— feet long, with a slit opening of two feet in the center, with eyelets and a cord for lacing it up. The expense would be but a trifle for the two. Their mothers or sisters would be glad to make them. The bulk and weight of transportation would not be worth considering. Filled with straw that should always be at hand, and placed on a layer of boards of any length or kind so as to cover the ground, they would make a soft, warm and dry bed. They could be handled, aired, and dried in the sun, or emptied and refilled at will. If a poncho or rubber cloth lay beneath it, no boards would be necessary. These beds for two laid side by side would accommodate neatly all the occupants of a tent. This simple and cheap bed sack could this be utilized for comfort, elegance, and above all the preservation of health. That most invaluable boon, refreshing sleep, would be obtained, and enjoyment take the place of aches, pains and disgust, the men at a proper hour would arise, ready for duty, and go at it with a will. I hope that the officers present will take hold of this matter, give this suggestion only its proper value in their deliberations, but come to some conclusion as to what is best to do to secure neatness in the tents and this element of health to their men, and adopting some practical method, return to their commands to carry out the method mutually agreed upon, for I insist upon it that we have no just right to permit men to thus expose themselves without at least an urgent appeal to them, a command, if need be, to protect themselves from it.

On other points I will not detain you now, but on these I shall continually persist. Men acquire military knowledge most satisfactorily when they feel well and strong, just as students always make most headway when content, happy, strong and free from aches and pains. To secure this condition for a single week, in the encamping of fresh volunteers, they must have plenty of well-cooked, nutritious food, well served, they must have eight or nine hours of undisturbed sleep in 24, they must have dry and comfortable beds on which to sleep, and they must be allowed to enjoy the refreshing influence of rest in the morning, where the cruel usage of regular army life would make them by the roar of a sunrise gun and the detestable daily reveille. Give us sleep and rest, give us less to do and we shall acquire far more in the given time and return from camp determined to go again.

A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE.

Col. Ingersoll's Oration at the Funeral of Hon. Eben C. Ingersoll.

MY FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the West. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he laid down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the further shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the hights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshiper of liberty and a friend of the appressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: "For justice all place a temple and all season Summer." He believed that happines was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshiper, humanity the only religion and love the priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of to eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the hights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there cometh no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

Harvard College Farmers.

Texas Letter.

About 50 miles south of San Antonio a large ranche is owned by several young men from Boston and vicinity, who with their guests numbered 10 or 12, many of them graduates from Harvard. Among the purchases of the amateur farmers were a few geese, and they were assured by workmen employed in repairing the buildings that the geese would be stolen by foxes if great care were not taken to prevent it. Of course the inquiry was at once raised, "How can this be done?" whereupon the workmen told them that the only sure way was to make them sleep at night in the trees, and that this could be accomplished by placing a board against a tree and driving them up. So they at once proceeded to action, assisted by their guests, and occupied the moonlight evening in trying to drive the geese up the straight and narrow way to perfect safety, with what success can be easily imagined. The workmen sat by and laughed in their sleeves as long as such a thing was possible, and then shouted. This is a fact, and one known through the length and breadth of the country, as it naturally would be.

DON CARLOS.

The Pretender's Aide-de-Camp Paints His Portrait.

How He Hates Brunettes, Wears False Teeth, and Thinks Chambord a Sneak.

New York World.

PARIS, May 19.—Gen. Boet has "split." Readers of the *World* will remember that a few months ago there came a report to the effect that some adroit thief, during Don Carlos' sojourn at Milan, had stolen the costly jewels of the Pretender's Order of the Golden Fleece. Shortly after came the news that Don Carlos' aide-de-camp, a distinguished Carlist General, Boet by name, had been suspected of the theft—accused of it—arrested for it; then that he had confessed the theft. There was a great ado about it, examinations, citations, and so on, and finally the matter died out mysteriously, though a very circumstantial story was printed in one of the smaller papers to the effect that Don Carlos had invented the story of the robbery and had pawned his jewels. The collar in question he had inherited from the Duke of Modena; it was valued at 80,000 francs. The Pretender wanted money, but could not risk the scandal of offering so valuable a relic to the jewelers, hence he concealed the collar in the trunk of one of his suite, and invited an old member of his mother's household to breakfast with him. After breakfast the Prince sent for his stars and garters to show them to his visitor; when lo! to every one's surprise, the famous collar was missing! Don Carlos was first stupefied, then indignant. The police were sent for and a big reward was offered for the apprehension of the daring thief and the recovery of his body. The police fought rather shy of the case, and advised Don Carlos to have the baggage of his suite searched, but he paid no attention to the recommendation, and soon afterwards left for Paris, taking his loss so coolly that their suspicions were increased. Boet declared that Don Carlos sent him to Spain with the jewels, as there would be a good chance to sell them on the occasion of his cousin Alfonso's marriage, and as the Spanish police were not to be feared; also that he endeavored to persuade the Pretender from this course and induce him to try the better and safer market in England.

So matters rested till last week at Madrid Gen. Boet "split" on Don Carlos, not only as to the collar transaction, but as to everything the A. D. C. knew of the Pretender's public and private life. The disclosures are delightful, and however deeply Gen. Boet may have felt himself injured, he can console himself with the reflection that he has paid off his debt. There, for instance, are Don Carlos' plans as confided to the General:

"Once I am on the throne I shall organize a large army, invade Portugal and re-establish Iberian unity; then turn my attention to the fleet, fit that out and regain Mexico, Peru, the Argentine Confederation—all, in fine, that we lost in America. I have already been through Mexico and made a good impression on the people there, especially on the women. They all like me and consider me handsome, a good fellow, and quite a hero after my campaigns. Later I am going to visit Peru, La Plata, Venezuela, and all South America in fact. I shall be, as always, most agreeable to the women, and as the women exercise much influence in those countries, they will greatly help the cause, and my personal prestige will contribute materially to the success of the expedition. Not that I care particularly for the Spanish-American women. They are brunettes and I greatly prefer blondes, but one must be politic. It will be my duty to make some sacrifices for the good and glory of Spain. As for the rights of the Portuguese Legitimists, who cares? The King is a spendthrift who has insulted no one with respect."

"But," hinted Boet, "why not do as the head of the French Legitimists does—popularize Carlism, educate the people in it, disseminate its ideas?"

"For mercy's sake," said Don Carlos, "don't talk to me of Chambord—that lame wretch who envies me my victories and fame. I can't bear him; he passes his life in slandering me. The last time Marguerite visited him he cast up to her all my pleasures and habits, and told her I was dishonoring his cause and mine. He is a sneak who sets spies on me to know where I eat and sleep and what I do with my money."

"Imbecile, ignorant and corrupt" are the terms Gen. Boet applies to his late master, and he proceeds to tell a delightful story of an adventure which befell Don Carlos at Bucharest. On leaving Turni-Magurelle, after the scandal with Col. Petrovano, Don Carlos went to the Roumanian capital, where he captured a young girl, to whom he made wonderful promises of jewels and settlements. But she was a brunette, and he tired of her; she noticed this, and offered to submit to transformation into a blonde if her royal lover would carry out his engagements. He agreed to do so, and to give her 4,000 francs for the coiffeur's fees, but when the metamorphosis was complete not a sou more than the fourth part of that sum would he give, and she found out that Don Carlos, instead of remaining at Bucharest, was about to set out for Vienna next day. She at once took measures to avenge herself, beginning with a reconciliation.

She got up early in the morning before Don Carlos was awake, dressed, slipped his false teeth into her pocket and left the Grand Hotel du Boulevard. At the hour when his customary nausea arouses him Don Carlos arose, and having submitted to the daily crisis, proceeded to dress himself. When the stage of the teeth was reached he failed to find them, and rang for his valet de chambre, thinking that Lorenzo might have mislaid them. But Lorenzo replied that he had not seen them. Don Carlos' surprise and wrath can be imagined. Having finally conjectured the truth, he rang the furiously for the chambermaid, and bade her have some one sent after the fugitive. But on seeing him toothless, weak with retching, confused and angry, and above all on hearing him whistle and mumble while trying to shout, the chambermaid burst out laughing and fled down the corridor, confiding to every one the secret that Don Carlos' teeth were false and his mistress had run away with them. Meanwhile visitors were gathering. The Prince himself had driven up to say good bye, but all had to be dismissed with the excuse that Don Carlos had been taken ill very suddenly. The fugitive was found, but she stubbornly refused to deliver up the teeth till she got her 3,000 francs, and Don Carlos had to pay her.

The story ran all over Buchar

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

F. W., Ralson, O.: We have not the books named at present.

C. E., Garnett, Kans.: The person you name is not now connected with the BLADE in any capacity.

F. M. C., Mercer, O., asks: "Is a woman lawfully of age at 18?"—In Ohio and many other States, she is.

A. A. P., St. Pleasant, Mich.: The book you name is published by Harper Bros. The price, we believe, is $2.50. We have no copies.

W. H. G., Harper, Kan.: Our answer to J. J., Morley, Mich., covers your inquiry about Lieut.-Gen. Scott. The rank of Lieutenant-General was not created for him.

S. P. Rockson, Clarence, Mo., writes: "I want the address of Lieut. George Madilon, Co. A, 3d Missouri Vet. Cav. Want to correspond with him for affidavit for pension."

W. H. H., Bradford, Pa.: If you will drop us a card saying to what point in the West you wish to go, we will give you information regarding the route you ought to take, price of tickets, etc.

W. F. Swan, (aged 13), Smith's Ferry, Pa., writes: "In answer to L. F. H., Cape Girardeau, Mo., I think that each woman would have to unwind a ball of yarn 7.34 inches in diameter. I may be wrong."

W. E. S., New Wilmington, Pa.: "Dr. Chase's Second Receipt Book," which we send with the BLADE (price $2.00 for the book and BLADE one year, is the regular $2 book, that is, it is about 192 by 30 inches.

G. W. S., Custer, Point, Ind.: 1. The BLADE does not publish school text books. 2. Your best way would be to write to the Postmaster at Hicksville, Ala., and he can doubtless give you the information.

D. F. Chittenden, Auburn, Ind., asks: "Will some one of the Hon. O. V. Infl. give the Hospital Capitals and Company, and also the Colonel now residing at the time of the death of private Thos. Chaney?"

J. W. H., Somerset Ky., asks: "Why is it that greenbacks will pay $100,000 in bonds?"—Because it will not. We presume, of course, that you mean Government bonds. You are evidently under a misapprehension of some character.

J. C. Wilson, Oakland Cross Roads, Westmoreland County, Pa., would like to learn the whereabouts of Lieut. G. L. Brown, Co. I, 105th Regiment, Pa. V. V. Also of Capt. Upfield, Lieut. Harry Wilson, Lieut. Ben Austin, all of Co. E, 10th Pa. Res. Cav.

J. M. B., Jerseyville, Ill.—We have your inquiry and will take pleasure in answering it—probably in next week's paper. To go into the question in detail may consume more space than we are able to spare in this department, in which case the reply will be found in some other portion of the paper.

F. M. C., Antioch, Ind., writes: "The BLADE is proving to be sharper than a two-edged sword and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the Rebel Democratic heart, and pierces even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow of the rotten carcus of Democracy. We trust that it will prove a trenchant BLADE in the campaigns of this Fall." The BLADE returns its acknowledgements, and begs leave to say that it expects to take a very decided part in the campaigns this Fall, both in Ohio and elsewhere.

D. S. H., Estellville, W. Va., sends the BLADE a poem on the action of the Confederate Legislature of Virginia in changing the name of "Scott" county to "Davis" county. We have not room to publish the entire poem, but give the first stanza as illustrating the meter and sentiment:

"In that dark and bloody day,'
When Secession held unlawful sway,
They changed my county's name
From Scott to "Davis," that one-eyed child of shame."

EVAN SMITH, Stamping Birches, Floyd Co., Va., wishes to know the particulars of the death of one John Smith, who died in Clinton Co., Ohio, about the year 1837 or '38. Will somebody please answer through these columns or by mail. Any information would be thankfully received. If nothing more, would like to know what township he died in. Address as above."—We give place to the above inquiry, and trust that Mr. Smith will pardon us for the suggestion that the vagueness of this inquiry raises something of a question as to whether it is made in good faith.

L. M. Brown, Danville, Ill., writes: "I wish to find some or all of the children of my father's brother, who went to Ohio from Virginia about 40 years ago. Our name is not very rare. It is Brown. The brothers' names are William, James, John, Samuel, David, and my father Francis G. They must all, or nearly all, be dead, but there must be a long line of progeny, and I am sure the BLADE must reach some of them. If any of them should read this and write me, I shall take pleasure in making their acquaintance, and if they prove rich and respectable, I shall be under renewed obligations to the BLADE."

A. W. J., Logan, Iowa., writes: "Charles Sumner, in his oration on the 'True Grandeur of Nations,' delivered before the war, opposed all war, and laid down the principle that 'in our age there can be no peace that is not honorable.' How did he reconcile this opinion with his strong war tendencies during the Rebellion?"—Simply because it was rebellion and not war in the sense that he used the term. Mr. Sumner evidently had in his mind the aggressive war which a nation urges against nation for purpose of gain, conquest, or the avenging of a supposed insult, not the necessary effort of a parental government to subdue its refractory and rebellious children.

L. C., Valparaiso, Ind., asks: "1. How can I get recent Patent Office reports? 2. How are those cuts of machinery in papers prepared? What is the usual cost?"—1. By applying to the member of Congress from your district. 2. The ordinary plan is to sketch a drawing on boxwood, upon which an engraving is made. An electrotype is then taken from this, or the cut may be printed from direct. Under the photographic process, a photograph is first taken and by the action of light upon a gelatin film a surface is afterward produced from which an impression can be taken very much as from a surface cut by the graver's tool. The cost of engraving depends so very largely on the size of the block or picture, and the character of the work, that we can give no definite figures.

A. H. M., Paris, Ill., asks: "Where is the St. Gothard tunnel, and what are its dimensions?"—The St. Gothard tunnel is situated in the Alps Mountains under the pass of the same name. The pass is used as a roadway between Lucerne in Switzerland, and Milan, in Italy, and until the completion of the tunnel travelers cross in the diligence, the actual time spent in crossing being about 15 hours. The tunnel was begun in the Autumn of 1872, and continued for two years by hand working; machines were used in 1874 and a marked advance in the boring was the result. The total length of the tunnel is about 9¼ miles, the estimated cost of which is £1,896,945.

J. R., Meted, Ind., asks: "Will you please give short history of Capt. Wirz, and state by what authority he was hung? 2. What became of Gen. Winder, of the rebel cavalry?"—Capt. Wirz was a Swiss by birth, and prior to the war was a homeopathic physician in Louisiana. He was tried by a U. S. court martial, and sentenced to be hung for the murder of Union soldiers confined in Andersonville. The sentence was duly carried into effect on the 10th of November, 1865, if we recollect aright. 2. Gen. John H. Winder, rebel officer, died at Branchville, S. C., February 9th, 1865. He was a son of Gen. William H. Winder, who commanded at the battle of Bladensburg, and at the unsuccessful defense of Washington City against the British in August, 1814.

H. S. M., Clarksburg, W. Va., asks: "What are the Nihilists, mentioned in the papers as so prominently mixed up now-a-days with Russian politics?"—The Nihilists are infidels. "Believers in Nothing," the encyclopedia calls them—(nihil is Latin for nothing)—a very radical set in Russia, who carry the modern materialistic philosophy to its greatest extreme. The young students in various colleges and schools, and all bold inquiring minds, reacting from the old-time lethargy, have been wonderfully taken with the new school of thought, and run wild with all sorts of excesses. Their efforts just now are particularly directed against the existing Government, and they are making secret but energetic efforts to overturn the established monarchy, but they offer nothing as a substitute for it.

J. F. S., Salina, Kans., asks: "1. Is it admissable to paste any printed slip on a postal card? 2. Cannot a postal card be forwarded again after it has once been delivered, by merely attaching a one-cent stamp?"—1. The Postoffice Regulations (see Postmaster General's Report, page 58, section 35) declare that "the cards are unmailable as postal cards when anything is pasted or attached thereto, except an address on the address side." We have repeatedly paid full letter postage for a card with a marriage or death notice pasted on the back; and as the law allows the Postmaster General to make regulations that govern the transmission of the card, this regulation is the law. 2. The Postoffice Regulations say that a card cannot be mailed again after delivery without the prepayment of letter postage. The new return card authorized by the postal law of March 3d last will enable any person to send a card and prepay the reply at a total expense of two cents.

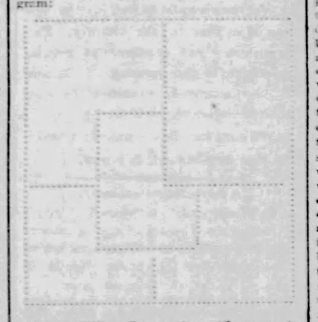
H. S. E., West Milbury, Mass., asks: "1. Will you please explain what is meant by a Congressman at-large, and how he is elected?"—As has been frequently explained in the BLADE, Congressmen are apportioned to the States according to their inhabitants. If a State becomes entitled by increase of population to an additional Congressman and there is no time to reapportion the State so that he may be elected from a district, his name is placed on the State ticket and he is elected as "Congressman-at-large." This is of course only a temporary expedient in order that the State may have its full representation in Congress. A new apportionment is at once made by the Legislature and an additional district created for him. His duties are the same as any other Congressman's, but as he is taken from the State at large it is thought to be a special compliment to receive the nomination.

J. L., Gilman, Ill., asks: "How is ground glass prepared or ornamented with flowers, leaves, etc., such as is used in our windows and sash doors?"—Such work is now performed by the sand blast process. The design is cut out of paper and pasted or otherwise fastened on the surface to be ornamented. A stream of sand, driven by a strong current of air, is then directed upon the work. The paper, being soft and yielding, is not affected, but wherever the sand strikes the glass the fine hard particles cut away a portion of the surface, and the peculiar opaque is produced. Prior to 1851, which, we believe, is the date of the invention of the sand blast, such work was done by holding glass to be ground against a rapidly revolving wheel to which sand and water was applied. The sand would have worked a revolution in ground glass, and made it possible to produce the very finest effects at a greatly reduced price.

G. R. G., Calumet, Mich., asks: "What has been done about completing the great statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which was to be donated by the French to the United States, and erected in New York harbor?"—For a long time past the arm has been anchored in New York, in Madison Square—where the body is, or whether there is any body, only the inspired M. Bartholdi knows. A dispatch from Paris states that an authorization has been obtained from the French Government for the "Franco-American Union" to get up a lottery and so obtain funds wherewith to complete the statue. This certainly looks encouraging. It is not probable that any considerable number of Frenchmen would have been found willing to contribute voluntarily toward buying a statue to be given to their American cousins; but plenty of Frenchmen will be found willing enough to buy one-franc tickets in the Bartholdi lottery, and so the big Liberty stands a good chance of being finished and set up before the second centennial comes around.

J. J., Morley, Mich., writes: "Did Gen. Winfield Scott ever hold the position that Gen. Grant did during the last struggle of the late rebellion of the Southern States? Had Gen. Washington any such power given him as was given Grant? Some say that Scott had such power during the Mexican war."—All three of the Generals were at different times Commanders-in-Chief of the Army of the United States. Gen. Scott attained that position, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, on the death of Gen. Macomb, in 1841, consequently he was at the head of the army during the Mexican war. Gen. Grant had the same position as did Gen. Scott, but his title was that of General of the Army, that designation for the Commander-in-Chief of the Army having been revived by Congress March 17, 1864, with a special view to the services of Grant. So far as authority is concerned, each had the same in kind, the only difference was in degree. Grant stood at the head of a much larger army than any of his predecessors commanded, and the emergencies and responsibilities were much greater.

Loftus S., La Valle, Wis., writes: "I send the following as an answer to W. E. H.'s problem: After taking the quarter section for his own use, there is left 120 acres for each of the four sons. The land must be divided as in the following diagram:"



J. C. R., Villisco, Iowa, writes: "In answer to correspondent you say veterans of the Mexican War are entitled to three months pay. Will you oblige a veteran by giving in next issue of BLADE the act of Congress under which they are entitled to pay?"—An act of Congress, approved February 16th, 1878, is as follows: "*Be it enacted*, that the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed out of any moneys in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, to pay to the officers and soldiers "engaged" in the military service of the United States in the war with Mexico, and who served out the time of their engagements or were "honorably discharged," the three months extra pay provided for by the act of July 19, 1848, and the limitations contained in said act, in all cases upon the presentation of satisfactory evidence that said extra compensation has not been previously received; provided, that the provisions of this act shall include also the officers, petty officers, seamen and marines of the United States Navy, the revenue marine service, and the officers and soldiers of the United States Army, employed in the prosecution of said war." The act of July 19, 1848, provided that three months extra pay should be issued to the officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates in the military service of the United States in the war with Mexico, and who served out the term of their engagement, or were honorably discharged. In case an officer or soldier is dead, the money is to be paid first to the widow, second to the children, third to the parents, and fourth to the brothers and sisters of such as had been honorably discharged, killed in battle or died in the service.

Mrs. P. J. S. (no address) asks: "What is your opinion about the best and safest way to invest money? We are somewhat advanced in life, and have always lived on a farm until now, my husband becoming unable to work longer, we would like to live on the interest as long as we can."—It is not an easy matter to give advice on such a subject. Undoubtedly the safest investment you can make is in Government bonds, and while the rate of interest seems low, it must be borne in mind that it is free from taxation of all kinds, both general and local. The taxation on other forms of security will probably average two per cent., (in some portions of the country it is much higher), so that a Government bond at four per cent. is really equivalent to six per cent. interest in any other form. First class real estate mortgages command six to eight per cent. interest, more frequently the latter than the former. But the trouble has been with real estate security during the past six years, that while it has been mortgaged to half its value, it has suffered a shrinkage of 50 per cent. in many cases, and when the owner is unable to keep up the interest, the mortgagor is obliged to take the property and look to it for the interest. This difficulty is not likely to exist in the immediate future. Parties who loan money on real estate, unless they operate through skilled and thoroughly responsible agents, have been liable to invest in property which will not hold the value put upon it, and frequently they have no other resource if it fails them. If you have no children or other heirs to whom you wish your property to go after your death, the best way and the way which would bring you the largest returns for the money invested, would be to buy an annuity under which your husband and yourself would be entitled to receive a stipulated sum per annum during your lives, and the money would pass into the possession of the person or persons paying the annuity on your deaths. In England the British Government furnishes such annuities, which are absolutely secure. You might prevent any possible loss to yourselves by taking a mortgage on good property, such mortgage to become of full force and effect in case the party paying the annuity should at any time fail to comply with the terms of his contract. It would be well to consult some responsible lawyer in whose judgment you could depend.

G. W. H., Parkersburg, Pa., asks: "What is the origin of the expression 'He will never set the river on fire?'"—It is said that the expression quoted is, properly, "He will never set the Thames on fire." The tense was a corn sieve which was worked in former times over the receiver of the sifted flour. A hard-working, active man would not unfrequently ply the tense so quickly as to set fire to the wooden hoop at the bottom, but a lazy fellow would never set the tense on fire. Webster gives the word tense as provincial English for a sieve, and says it is also spelled "tems" and "tempse."

S. O. C., Fairbanks, Ill., asks: "1. Where are the Oil City *Derrick* and the Norristown *Herald* published? 2. Where is Leadville, the great mining district, and is there a paper published there? If so, who is the publisher? 3. What does 1879 on the label of my paper mean? 4. Where can I buy a few law books, and what ones should one buy who only wishes an understanding of business laws, especially of Indiana, and what will the same cost? 5. Are visiting and acquaintance cards as popular as they were a few years ago, and what is the design of them, and when should they be used?"—1. The *Derrick* is published at Oil City, Venango County, Pa., and the *Herald* at Norristown, Montgomery County, Pa. 2. There are three daily and weekly papers published at Leadville, the *Revelle*, the *Eclipse* and the *Chronicle*. 3. It means that your subscription expires on the 18th of July. 4. Write to Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. 5. Visiting cards are always more or less in use, although etiquette not unfrequently varies as to the service they are required to perform. As to "acquaintance cards," we must confess to knowing nothing about them. They may be used, but we have never seen them.

N. V., Whittier, Ill., asks: "1. Has gold been cornered or bulled by gold gamblers so as to be above par of all other staple commodities, including labor? If so, is not this the same power that Sec. Fessenden denounced in 1864 "as unpatriotic and criminal; probably secret enemies of the country desiring to inflict injury by raising the price of coin? 2. Does not using the inflated gold unit, by increasing all previous indebtedness, absorb most of the profits of industry? 3. Is not silver bullion nearer at par with other values than gold—that is, will not an ounce of silver bullion purchase as much labor or its products generally as it would on an average for the last 15 or 20 years? I am a bi-metalist, and I must say that I cannot see in the Warner Silver bill, as it passed the House, any of the evils you predict, and about the only thing of value is section 6, which compels the Secretary to use the coined dollars in payment of Government dues. The Bourbons and Confeds captured the Capital. Their allies, the Gold Bourbons, have captured the Administration, and hold it against a two-thirds majority of Congress and the people. I hope to see both routed, horse, foot and dragoons."—To answer the questions of our correspondent exhaustively, would require us to go back to the beginning of the present financial situation, and take up points that have been so thoroughly discussed as to leave nothing new to be said. Mr. V. apparently has the idea that the money standard may be cheapened at any time, entirely overlooking the fact that to the departure from the existing standard (unavoidable though it was) can be traced the principal responsibility for all our financial woes. To begin at the beginning. The United States on Jan. nary 1st, 1861, was doing business on a specie basis. On the breaking out of the rebellion the enormous demand made upon it for war materials and other supplies compelled the Government to issue its notes or promises to pay money for the articles purchased, instead of paying the money itself. The case in this respect is precisely that of a business man of good credit who gives his note for what he buys instead of paying in cash, the only difference being that the merchant's note bears interest and specifies the time at which it is to be paid, while the permanent note (or greenback) was payable at an indefinite time in the future and drew no interest. As the issue of these notes increased there naturally arose, during the uncertainties of the war, a question as to the probability of their payment, and when a liability of that kind arose it naturally had the effect to depreciate the value of the paper note, just as a merchant's note is depreciated when offered for sale if there exists any liability of its non-payment. To prevent any possibility of these notes being stopped in the ordinary channels of business, Congress passed an act making the greenback a legal tender for all dues, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt. This act kept the paper dollars afloat, although as soon as they began to depreciate in value all gold and silver was quickly withdrawn from circulation. But while people continued to receive them they simply raised the price of wheat they had to sell enough to compensate them for the decline in the value of the paper dollars. It was about this time that speculation in gold began, and the price of gold was manipulated by a clique of selfish gamblers, who were oblivious to everything except their own personal gain. We do not understand what our correspondent means by speaking of gold as "above par of all other staple commodities, including labor." Gold was in 1861 the standard by which the value of labor and other commodities was determined. It is not any less so now, nor was it any less so during the war, although the gold dollar was withdrawn from circulation. As it now is, the currency dollar and the standard dollar are identical, yet the gold dollar does not circulate simply because the paper dollar, being equally available, is more convenient for the purpose of ordinary business. 2. We are not "using an inflated gold unit." On the other hand, we have increased the value of the depreciated paper dollar, till it is equal to the gold unit. This fact should be particularly noted. It is *not* the gold dollar, but the paper dollar which has undergone the change. The appreciation of the latter has appreciated the value of the debt, but the previous depreciation of the paper currency cheapened its value in precisely the same proportion. The man who incurs a debt to-day with the expectation of paying it out of future gains or earnings, enters into a speculation in which he sometimes wins and sometimes loses. He has no occasion to complain in either case. 3. Silver bullion will purchase labor or its products as it would before the war, but it takes *more of it* to procure the same quantity of any standard article. The market value of the bullion in the standard silver dollar at present standard is only 88 cents. So long as it circulates in small quantities, the effect is not particularly noticeable, but if you should attempt to pay a debt of $500 entirely in silver dollars, your creditor would immediately make an energetic protest against receiving it. The principal and vital objection to the Warner Silver bill, as already fully explained in the BLADE, is that it would enable every holder of silver bullion to make 17 cents on every 83 cents worth of silver that he might hold by having his bullion coined into standard silver dollars by and at the expense of the Government. The silver of the old world would be immediately rushed to this country for coinage, the currency would again undergo depreciation, and we should suffer again all the evils of a fluctuating and unsettled currency.

The Sunday School.

Consecration to God.

LESSON 12, SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.—Mat. 3: 17

LESSON TEXT.

Mal. 3: 8-18.

8. Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. 9. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation, 10. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. 11. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts. 12. And all nations shall call you blessed; for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts. 13. Your words have been stout against me, saith the Lord. Yet ye say, what have spoken so much against thee? 14. Ye have said, it is vain to serve God; and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the Lord of hosts? 15. And now we call the proud happy; yea, they that work wickedness are set up; yea, they that tempt God are even delivered. 16. Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name. 17. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. 18. Then shall ye turn and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Will a man rob God? (v. 8.)—However it may have been in Malachi's time, there are men nowadays who will rob God. Men who are scrupulous toward their fellow men are not always scrupulous toward God. They count one day in the week God's day. They put off his claims during the other six days on the ground that his is the seventh day. Then they steal as much time from that as they think he will stand. They take a little more of it for sleep than of other days. They take still more for secular reading. They cut it short at one end or the other in making a journey "just to save time," you know. In the long run, they steal at least half its hours, but hope the Lord will give them credit for a full day. And there are men who are behind on their pew rents, when they have paid all their butcher's and grocer's bills. They will cut down their religious contributions before they will their family expenses, so as not to be "worse than an infidel," you know. And the smoothest coin and the raggedest scrip they find in their pockets goes into the contribution box, if they give anything at all in that direction. And as to service, why there are multitudes who call themselves wholly the Lord's, and then try to see how little they can do for him, and how much they can enjoy of the devil's service without being discharged by the Lord! "Will a man rob God?" Why, that is the way in which a great many are getting their living—in the church as well as out of it!

Prove me now . . . saith the Lord of hosts (v. 10.)—God is willing to be tested. He consents to put himself on trial before his own children. If a man doesn't believe God's promises, let him test them. Let him go in prayer and ask for a blessing, and see if God will grant it. If he doubts whether God will honor faith, and reward well-doing, and uphold the tempted and sorrowing, let him bring the question to the proof. If any man can say, I have gone in my need, to the Savior of sinners, and he has refused me forgiveness; or, I have served and trusted God faithfully, and am sorry for it, he can claim to have proved God so far. But until a man has put God to the test, why should he doubt God's promises?

And pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. God is always readier to give blessings than his children are to make use of them. You have more faith now than you are making available. You have more wisdom than you are applying to advantage in God's work. You have more strength than you are spending in Christ's service. You have more of this world's means than you really consecrate to God. You have grander opportunities than you improve for him. What you need just now is not fresh blessings, but the freer use of those already in hand, that there may be room in your soul for the others which God stands waiting to give you.

I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes (v. 11.)—The children of God may feel that their Father so loves them that he will direct his providences for their benefit. What if the times are hard? What if war invades, or pestilence threatens, or famine impends? What if fire or flood devastates? What if it seems as if everything were going wrong? What if temptation or sorrow appears to be overwhelming? God will rebuke the devourer for your sake. He will show the way of escape. He will give his angels charge over you. It will be no chance that you are preserved. The very universe is controlled by one who loves you, and who will, if need be, change its mightiest sweep to give you a moment's rest, or to protect an endangered hair of your head, if there were no other way of helping you. "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Ye have said, it is vain to serve God; and what profit is it that we have keep his ordinance (v. 14.)—There is always a gain in the hearty service of God; but there is no hearty service of God by those who are stopping every now and then to see if they have made anything out of God' service so far. A child fails of the highest enjoyment and profit in his home if he is continually asking himself, "Does it really pay me to love and obey my father and mother?" A friendship is of little worth if its worth is constantly in question. He is a poor citizen who is coolly considering whether it is more to his interest to be loyal or traitorous to his Government. If a man is ready to do right only when it is evident on the face of it that it will pay to do right, he is not the man for an emergency. He will be pretty sure to be doing wrong more or less of the time; because the seeming gain is often on the side of wrong-doing. If he would be honest only as a matter of policy, he would be dishonest if policy tempted him more strongly. The only way to get the gain of serving God is by a determination to serve God—gain or no gain.

They that feared the Lord spake often one to another (v. 16.)—A subject of profound common interest will be talked about between intimate friends. The more it weighs on the mind the surer it is to be prominent in conversation between those who have mutual freedom in intercourse. The death of a friend, the birth of a baby, a runaway match, or a new engagement, will be the first thing broached by each of a dozen lady callers in the circle closely affected by it. Again it will be a boating-match, or a foot-race, or the state of party politics, or business prospects, which is the foremost theme between young men or older ones as they meet for a chat. And so, of course, they who fear the Lord, who love him, who live for him, are sure to talk about him with those who are dear to them, and also devoted to him. There may be a depth of feeling which will not express itself to an ordinary acquaintance; but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak to those nearest and dearest. When, therefore, between those who are in intimate relations, the subject of Christ and his salvation,—of the loving Redeemer and his cause on earth—is not prominent in conversation, it is because something else is closer to the heart and has more of its interest than the theme of themes. There can be no question on this point.

And the Lord hearkened and heard it. We sometimes say to a friend, "If you could only hear me talk of you when you are not present, you would find out how much I really think of you. You wouldn't have any doubt then." And again we say to ourselves, after an acquaintance has been under discussion in his absence, "I am glad that that man didn't hear what I said about him." We oughtn't to have to say this to ourselves; but some of us do. Now when any two disciples of Jesus are talking about him, they may be sure he is listening. Every word they speak he hears. When they tell of his love, it touches his heart. When they speak of their love for him, his heart goes out to them in sincerest affection. What has Jesus heard you say about him in grateful tenderness, within the last 24 hours? It is all written down in his book of remembrance. How many pages do you suppose it would fill?

Then shall ye . . . discern between . . . him that serveth God and him that serveth him not (v. 18.)—In the long run the gain of godliness will appear to every body. The younger son going out from his father's house with plenty of money, to have a good time in the world, may be an attractive example to a pleasure-loving youth: but the poor and ragged prodigal, sharing the food of hogs will not tempt a desire of imitation in anybody. Yet no better result than this could be looked for from a riotous life with harlots. The embezzler of trust funds may dazzle the eyes of a good many while he is spending his stolen money in social display; and even some who suspect the source of his surplus revenue may envy him his chance of defrauding. But when he stands in the prison guard-room having his hair cropped and his striped suit assigned him, almost any one would prefer a smaller income than his at its final cost of collection. Sooner or latter you will discern that serving God is better—pays better—than sinning against God. The only question is, shall you see it in good time?—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

"How dare you say 'damn' before me?" severely inquired a clergyman of a loafer. "How did I know you wanted to say 'damn' first?" retorted the bad man.

Waterloo *Observer:* A little Waterloo Sunday-school miss was asked by her teacher, "What must people do in order to go to heaven?" "Die, I suppose," replied the little one. The teacher did not question her any further.

"Bewar," says an eminent colored philosopher, "bewar uv the cat, an' much mo' de coon, w'en she git her back in de san' an' her footses in de a'r. Dar's gwine ter be tribulashun in de naborhood."

A painter's apprentice fell off a scaffold with a pot of paint in each hand. He was taken up insensible, but as soon as restored to consciousness he murmured: "I went down with flying colors, anyhow."

"How do you tie a love knot?" asked Laura, toying with a bit of blue ribbon. "Oh, any way," growled Tom, behind his newspaper, "just so it will pull out easy."

"Missus Brown mighty kind," said Sambo Johnson; "dis mo'nin' she boil free eggs for herself, and gub dis chile de brof."—*B. Transcript.*

Said Jones, "I've tried on no less than half a dozen hats, and I haven't got one to suit me yet." "It was a few-tile attempt, then," replied Spencer, languidly removing his cigar to say it.—*B. Transcript.*

Observe any number of trees growing in the woods or the orchard, and notice how few are exactly perpendicular. There is only one tree which always grows exactly plum.—*Lowell Courier.*

A scientist tells us that a comet would require 867,000,000 years to pass from the regions of terrestrial visibility to the limits of the sphere of the sun's attraction, and just as long to return. Considering that it takes a boy about half that long to perform an errand for his mother, there is nothing remarkable in the scientist's statement.—*Norr. Herald.*

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Shoddington, "I'm proud; I'll admit that. But my pride is altogether different from the silly pride of that Mrs. Dresswell." "You mean, dear," said Shoddington, as he removed his cigar to say it, "that your pride is in a different vain from hers." The unsympathetic wretch.

"Would you suppose," said Atom, pointing to the tramp on the other side of the way, "would you suppose that old vagabond was worth $11,000?" "Is it possible?" exclaimed Molecule, with great interest. "No, I would not suppose so." "Well," said Atom, "you would be a great fool if you did."—*Hawkeye.*

"That man is rich," said the conductor. "You know him, then?" said a companion. "No; but he groaned when he paid his fare." "Does every rich man groan when he pays his fare?" "No; but every one who does groan is rich."—*Rochester Express.*

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer on Court street last week, and the following conversation took place: "Well, Judge, how is business?" "Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope." "Very good, but I have got past you, for I'm living on charity."—*Boston Courier.*

Bob Shuttle was painfully making his way up the street the other day supported by a cane, when a friend accosted him with: "Well, Bob, what ails you to make you so lame?" "Oh, nothing much," replied Bob, "been playing in the Olympian games, that's all; that's why I'm limping now."—*New Haven Register.*

A Detroiter cured a long and severe attack of neuralgia by falling down stairs. That's nothing. Some years ago a Norristown youth was cured of a bad habit of swearing by falling off a cherry tree. Not a single oath has escaped his lips since. The fall broke his neck.—*Norristown Herald.*

Instructor in astronomy: "And now, young gentlemen, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of planets—the champion planet, so to speak—of our solar system?" Student: "I can, sir. It's Saturn." "And how's that, pray?" "Why, because he carries the belt."—*E.*

A news boy at school diverted the minds of the other pupils from their books by munching peanuts, whereupon the teacher relieved him of his edibles and reprimanded him. Next day the "master" received a note from the new scholar's mother, which conveyed this information: "If mi Boy kant eat Pee nuts out loud'in Skule, I'll edikate him myself at home."—*American Punch.*

When the moon cast its first thin light upon the earth with erect horns it is the symbol of a dry month. It is pretty much the same with man. When he casts a faint shadow in a beer saloon with erect "horns," it is the sign of a dry man.—*Norristown Her.*

Hawk came from the hotel at 2 o'clock, and thought he would take a wash. Unfortunately Mrs. Hawk had been told that a wash-bowl of water sprinkled with meal would catch all the mice, and had tried the experiment that night. Hawk got his hands full, and, bounding around the room, cried, "Jernsha! by the Lord Harry, I've got 'em again!"—*Erie Herald.*

They had an amateur brass band out at an Odd Fellow's funeral at Lone Mountain, last week, and when they had squelched out "The Sweet By-and-By" at the grave-side, the minister said in his address that the deceased was, "in one respect, most fortunate in having been called away thus early." That was all he said, but the mourners grinned, and the musicians are still going round saying that "this blamed sarcasm is infernally out of place at a funeral, you know."—*San Fran. News Letter.*

Nobody except the people in front pews last Sunday, and only a few there who listened very intently, could hear the tenor when the choir started out on "When I can read my title clear," singing very distinctly, with his face turned toward the leader at the other end of the organ:

"I've lost the place; I'm in a fix;
What ever shall I do?"

And then the leader in his profoundest bass, replied, in faultless tune and metre:

"The tune is on page ninety-six,
The words on forty-two."

—*Hawkeye.*

HORRORS IN QUEENSLAND.

Nomad Cannibals Pursued and Butchered by the Bloodthirsty Black Trackers.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The colony of Queensland, though one of the most recently established, possesses one of the largest territories in Australia, over the unsettled part of which roam the aborigines. They are among the lowest of mankind in mental capacity and in physical formation. Very little effort has been made to civilize them, because experience has shown that they are almost incapable of living a civilized life. They wander in small tribes, subsisting on roots. Their weapons are the spear, the boomerang, and the nullah-nullah. The wealthy squatter (the term squatter in Australia is a title of honor and distinction), moving into the interior of the country, pastures his sheep and cattle upon the land, and now and then some wandering blacks take what they want. In the northern parts of the colony the blacks capture, kill and eat human beings. Gold mining is carried on there extensively, and there are thousands of Chinese engaged in the work. These go out in small parties to work or travel to and from the alluvial diggings, and are often speared and eaten by the natives, who prefer a Chinaman to a white man.

Whites occasionally perpetrate serious offences, and, to escape punishment, fly to the vast unexplored tracts that lie beyond the settled districts. To capture offending blacks or escaping whites the Queensland Government established the native police force, or Black Trackers, as they are more generally termed. They are selected from tribes as far away as possible from the region in which they are designed for work, taken to a police station in some small town, and taught to ride and to handle a revolver. When there is any need for their services they are drafted to the place at once. They are employed to track white men who have lost their way, or who are attempting to escape from justice. Many a horse thief and murderer has been brought to the bar of justice by their efforts, and hundreds of lives have been saved by their persevering search; for "lost in the bush" is an Australian phrase, almost synonymous with a horrible death by thirst and starvation.

There is another work performed by the Black Tracker, and one in which he is constantly engaged. Australian journals frequently contain items to the effect that some officer went out with a party of native police and dispersed a mob of blacks. To one who does not understand the peculiarities of the Queensland police, this item is unintelligible; it simply means that the black butchers murdered every man, woman and child they could find. "To disperse" means to massacre. It is not very long since some cattle were stolen from a station about 200 miles from Bowen, and about 60 aboriginals, men, women and children, were all butchered by these black fiends, because they were in the neighborhood. Three Chinese, on their way from Cooktown to the Palmer River diggings, were speared and eaten by the blacks, and several days afterward about 20 natives were slaughtered by the black troopers. When a little girl was killed and eaten near Townsville, the natives fell like leaves in autumn.

It may be asked if these people do not resort to firearms. Strange to say, they do not. Nor do they seem to understand the use of them until it is proved by the death of many of their men. When first brought in contact with the trackers they had no fear of the revolvers and carbines, but rushed wildly to certain death. On one occasion, after a number of them had been killed, some of the remainder took refuge in the trees, imagining that they were as safe among the branches as the bird from their own boomerang. They have never adopted the weapons, however, though they could easily do so, for the same class who have furnished the Indians with firearms could supply them. There are many small towns into which they are not allowed to enter, partly because they dress as nature dressed them, but principally on account of their treachery.

The black trooper detests his less fortunate brothers of the wilderness, and shows no mercy. He pursues them day after day for hundreds of miles, and shoots them down, one and all. Their aim is to punish the perpetrators of crime but they combine the powers of Judge, jury, and executioner. The white men who lead them are frequently as bloodthirsty as themselves, and often excel them in acts of wanton cruelty, as will be seen from the following account of the destruction of natives, which appeared in a late number of the *Queensland Patriot:*

One native police officer, no longer in the service, had a mob of blacks driven into a water hole. His troopers had the water surrounded, and there was no escape for the miserable blacks. One by one the desparing wretches were shot as they rose to the surface to breathe. The officer stood by, and at last felt that he would like to take a personal share in the work. Stripping to his shirt, and with a tomahawk in his belt, he entered the water, and with demonstrations of peace induced one of the wretches to approach. When the black was near enough the white savage buried his toma hawk in his victim's brain."

The water holes here spoken of are places to which the natives resort to quench their thirst. They are often constructed by the owners of large estates, but are more frequently the work of nature. The Black Trackers know these places well, and they also know that the natives must come to them for water. They frequently wait about these water holes for days, slaughtering the unsuspecting natives. They very rarely if ever take prisoners.

White men are found who boast of the number of natives they have killed, and one man near Somerset, Cape York, has a fence about his premises, every post of which is surmounted by a human skull, which he says represents a native whom he has shot.

These disgraceful proceedings have attracted considerable attention during the past year, and petitions have been presented to the Queensland Parliament, praying for the disbandment of the native police.

A little dog in a front yard will make more noise

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1879.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 84,060

Human nature has a strong tendency to be incredulous. In nothing has this characteristic found more stimulus for its development than in the statements of newspaper publishers regarding their circulation. It is easy for a publisher to obtain a large circulation on paper, and because the average reader, and we may add, the average advertiser, has so vague a conception of what really constitutes a large circulation, the publisher feels it incumbent upon him to make the impression a strong one by placing his figures as high as his judgment or his courage deems prudent. It is in this way that persons who have had no actual experience in such matters get the idea that a circulation of forty or fifty, or even sixty thousand, is quite an ordinary matter, and that a great many papers print editions of this size, when in reality a great part of the circulation claimed is printed only in the imagination of the publisher. Consequently when the *bona fide* circulation comes into competition with the imaginary one, the latter has every advantage in all things, except in the actual test.

The BLADE has adopted the plan of printing every week at the head of this page, figures giving the actual number of copies printed for the week's edition. Up to the time when the mailing of the paper begins, a copy of the BLADE either wholly or partially printed will be found in the basement for every figure contained in the statement at the head of our columns. During the past three years we have had the pleasure of showing to representatives of leading business establishments both East and West, the Weekly BLADE editions as they were actually printed, and submitting them to such tests as were calculated to convince the most incredulous. What we have done before in this way we are quite ready to do again, and we point to the names represented in our advertising columns as the best possible evidence that the BLADE'S pretensions to large circulation are backed by something more than figures on paper.

As there is a dearth of murders and lynching in the Far West, they manufacture a little news about Sitting Bull's movements.

THE Spofford-Kellogg investigation shows that this season's vintage of perjury in Louisiana is fully equal to that of any former year.

MASSACHUSETTS liquor dealers have combined to test the constitutionality of the Civil Damage act, which answers to an Adair Liquor Law.

WE do not see how the Democracy can get along without KEARNEY in the State this Fall. The platform and the candidates both suit him admirably.

MRS. Ex-President POLK favors the removal of the remains of all the Presidents to Washington, where they could be placed in some appropriate tomb.

To have elected VALLANDIGHAM would have been a foul stain on Ohio's patriotism. EWING'S election would be a stain not only on her patriotism, but upon her financial honor also.

THE delight of the Democrats at the prospective bagging of the Nationalist leaders is sadly marred by fears as to what can be done with the leaders. There is room in the Democracy for millions of National voters, but not for any more CAREYS, and such as he. The party has already as many men of his ilk as it can well stand.

THE Connecticut tramp law has had the effect of clearing the State of the loafing loafers, while it has not interfered with any honest man in search of work. The Hartford *Courant* says it is the most profitable law enacted by the last Legislature, the gain being great in the peace and security of hundreds of families.

GEN. STEEDMAN made a most astounding statement in the Convention in regard to the proportion of Democratic and Republican soldiers in the army—a statement which we are charitable enough to assume was a slip of the tongue or the result of some temporary confusion of the senses, since no man in his cooler moments would have the hardihood to assert that the large majority of the soldiers were not stanch, true-blue Republicans. There were a great many Democrats in the army whose soldiership was equal to the best, but to say that there were more, or nearly as many of this political faith as of any other, is to say that which is preposterous on its very face.

OUR NEW DRESS.

The appearance of the BLADE this week is only a foreshadowing of what it will be when the new type gets fairly in working order. When we have the decks fairly "cleared for action," and all the dead and wounded removed, we promise to furnish our subscribers as handsome a paper typographically as is to be found anywhere in the country. We call the attention of our readers to the fact that although the greater part of the new type is larger and more distinct than the old it is nevertheless cast in such a way as to admit of giving more matter in the same space, and consequently the amount of reading contained in the paper is considerably increased. We shall be pleased to have our subscribers send us the names of their friends to whom we may send free specimen copies of the new BLADE in order that they may see what it really is, and what it offers as a choice family paper.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The past week will be notable in political circles for the virtual surrender of the Democratic Congress to the Administration. Their course had been foreshadowed for some days in the loud and earnest appeals made to them by Democratic organs who besought them to stand firm to their "principles," and the more the weakening process went on the more earnest were the unavailing efforts to prevent it. The Democrats themselves realize keenly the absurd position into which they have been forced by their own blunders, and the more rational members now ask their political associates to unite in passing the necessary appropriation bills and then adjourn. The Democratic caucus has provided for the presentation of three bills, the first an army appropriation bill, which provides that no money appropriated by the act shall be expended in using the army as a police force at the polls; second, a bill extending the Legislative, Judicial and Executive appropriation bill of June 19th, 1879, for one year from the 30th inst., with an added section directing the Secretary to pay out for arrearages of pensions the remainder of the $10,000 hitherto held as a fund for the redemption of fractional currency; and third, a bill making appropriations for the expenses of the Courts of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, and for other purposes. Sen. THURMAN and other leading Democrats are very earnest in their attempts to convince the country that the present course of the Democrats s not a "backing down," but their declarations are very hard to reconcile with the facts.

The President on Thursday last sent to the Senate the proceedings and official papers of the Court of Inquiry appointed in the case of FITZ JOHN PORTER. It is noticeable that he does not endorse the action recommended by the board but only states that he has given the report such examination as satisfies him that he ought to lay the proceedings and conclusions of the board before Congress, as he is without legal power to act on the report in the absence of legislation.

It is gratifying to be able to state that the Senate Committee on Finance, at a session held on Friday, determined upon postponing the further consideration of the WARNER silver bill "till the first Monday in December," or, in other words, till Congress shall again assemble in regular session. While the probabilities were not very great that the bill would pass the Senate, it is a matter of congratulation to the country that a scheme so thoroughly prejudicial to the business and the stability of the country should be safely shelved till the people have had an opportunity of expressing themselves on the subject of further inflation, in the Fall elections.

It is reported that the President has tendered the position of Secretary of War to Gen. CHARLES F. MANDERSON, of Nebraska. He was born and educated in Philadelphia, is a lawyer by profession, entered the army at the outbreak of the rebellion as a Lieutenant and left it as a Brevet Brigadier General. His service was mostly with the army of the Cumberland.

The Ohio Democrats and the National Greenback party, as already announced, held their State Conventions at Columbus on the 4th inst. The former nominated Gen. THOS. EWING, as their candidate for Governor, with Gen. A. V. RICE for Lieut-Governor, the latter nominated Gen. A. S. PIATT for Governor, with HUGO PREYER, the editor of a German paper in Stark County, as Lieut-Governor.

The nomination of Gen. EWING is an unreserved committal of the Democratic party in Ohio to an inflation campaign, and a consequent defeat of TILDEN and the hard money Democracy who represent him in this State. His election means the repudiation of all the financial ideas which the Eastern Democrats hold, and his nomination creates no small degree of dissatisfaction among those of his party who have advocated honest money.

The action of the National Convention proved hardly less fortunate to the party as a body. While vowing they would under no circumstances consent to a coalition with the Democrats, their course gives rise to suspicions of a secret understanding designed to favor EWING, and many of the party have privately declared their intention of supporting either EWING or FOSTER in preference to their own candidate. A convention of the dissatisfied Nationals has been called, to be held in Toledo June 24th, and it is probable that they will end by endorsing EWING'S nomination.

The Greenbackers of Maine assembled in convention at Portland on the 4th inst., and after reiterating the financial fallacies of the previous year, proceeded to nominate JOSEPH H. SMITH for Governor. The KEARNEY party held a convention at San Francisco on the 5th, and nominated a full State ticket, with WM. F. WHITE, of Monterey County, at its head.

Cincinnati is making extensive preparations for the 21st festival of North American Sangerbund to open June 11th. The chorus is made up of local German singers and societies from Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cleveland, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Columbus, Fort Wayne, Ind., Hamilton, Ohio, Lawrenceburg, Ind., Milwaukee, Youngstown, Ohio, and Omaha. They will number at least 1,200.

Chicago is exercised over the recently discovered frauds in the new Custom House building, by which it appears that the Government has been heavily swindled. The *Tribune* says the Custom House as it stands has cost $1,000,000 more than it ought to have, but the investigation fails to fix the blame on any one.

OUR BOOK CATALOGUE.

Our new catalogue of books has been printed in neat pamphlet form, and is now ready for mailing. It is the largest catalogue we have yet issued, and contains a greater variety of books than has ever yet been offered for the inspection of BLADE readers. Owing to the expense of its preparation, we shall not be able to send out copies so extensively as heretofore, and consequently are obliged to ask those who wish to receive it, to send us a postal card. We are prepared, however, to send it out freely and without charge to all our subscribers and others who may desire it. Send us your own name and those of your friends who are interested in good books. The large variety offered will be sure to contain something you want.

OHIO'S MISSION.

Ohio has had the honor to lead the van in every important uprising of the people against the outrages of pernicious systems and banded politicians. The first battles have always been fought on her soil, and by her people, while all the rest of the Nation looked on. It is the proud boast of our State that she has never failed the cause of honesty, progress and human rights, in any crisis. She has never failed to advance the standard to the extreme front, and maintain it there until victory was secured.

She was the leader in 1840 in the revolt against the iniquities of the Jackson-Van Buren regime, and the verdict of condemnation which she pronounced upon the ring of unprincipled place-hunters, whose figure-heads were "Old Hickory" and "Little Mattie," was re-echoed all over the Union.

She was again the standard-bearer to lead the embattled Whigs to their last victory in 1852. In 1854 the friends of freedom everywhere watched with breathless interest in Ohio the first grapple of the young giant—the Republican party—with Pro-Slaveryism, and the overthrow of that monster, mighty with all the strength of cruel greed, and partizan hatred, gave the first grand impulse to National liberty, and made Republicanism, and all the benefits flowing from it possible. Again she led the van for FREMONT in 1856, for LINCOLN in 1860, and when the gage of battle was flung down, her legions streaming across her borders toward the South, showed how readily she drew the sword to support her action at the ballot box.

The next crisis was the Copperhead uprising of 1863—the determination of whether the half-done work should be carried on to a victorious conclusion, at a vast expenditure of blood and money, or whether our soldiers and our Government should retreat ignominiously before the defiant Rebels. The 101,000 majority against the traitor VALLANDIGHAM was more crushing to Rebel hopes than any defeat they suffered in the field.

Subsequently came the great question of Reconstruction and the preservation of the fruits of the war. On each of these it was Ohio's privilege to speak first and for the Republicans of the whole country. She did it in tones that could not be mistaken, and her verdict was that of the Nation.

We are again in the same position. We are again asked to be the first to condemn not only one heresy dangerous to our people and to good Government, but all the deadly follies and wrongs that demagoguery and greedy machinations have succeeded in bringing to the surface during the past decade. We are asked to crush out for the last time the hopes of Fiatism, and also the expectations of the lately defeated Rebels that they can regain in the halls of legislation what they lost in the field. This is the task before us this Fall, and we have no doubt that we will give as good an account to the Nation of their disposition as we have of other alarming crises in the past.

A BRITISH POLITICIAN.

The Duke of ARGYLL, whose recent coming to this country to visit his son, the Marquis of LORNE, has clothed him with added interest to the people here, is one of the prominent politicians of Great Britain, and is pronounced by a writer in the *Spectator* as the finest orator in the House of Lords. About the middle of May he made his farewell address to his fellow members, by an earnest attack upon the policy of the Premier. This was said to be one of the most brilliant and telling speeches that has been made in the House for years, and one which places him at the head of all of the speakers in that body. It is true that there has been, and is, a dearth of orators there, that few among the members are gifted with anything that approaches eloquence, relying upon the strength of their arguments to move and convince, rather than upon flights of oratory. The present is a practical time, and though well turned sentences may please the ear, they do not affect the judgment.

In the House of Commons, GLADSTONE and BRIGHT are probably the best speakers. The former is eminently argumentative, but sometimes mars the effect of what would be otherwise clear and convincing by his verbosity; BRIGHT is at the same time logical and satirical, besides being gifted with a fine voice, and the ability to use splendid rhetoric.

In the House of Lords, besides the Duke of ARGYLL, there are few orators. Lord DERBY is full of cold logic, without a trace of feeling in his expressions; BEACONSFIELD has a rather weak voice, but he is a master of satirical invective, which, added to his reasoning faculties, makes his speeches possess an exceedingly powerful influence over his hearers; and the Marquis of SALISBURY is crafty and yet audacious in his assertions, and sometimes carries his point through the surprise his boldness creates.

One of the most able writers among the Liberals of England draws the following pen picture of the Duke of ARGYLL:

> His desire to propagate his own convictions is so constant that he seems sometimes less of a statesman than of a professor of a given political creed. He is a thorough Whig in the hard grip he takes of that which is moderate and practicable. But in his mode of pressing his point he has something in him of the Scotch dominie. His voice itself wants inflexion, is cast in the unchanging key of dogmatic purpose and does not vary with the moving lights and shadows of human feeling. His eloquence is the eloquence of haughty and even fiery conviction, not that of rich sympathies and overflowing life. There is something scornful in the ring of his noblest periods—not of the lithe and taunting type of Lord Salisbury's scorn, which almost seems to enjoy pouring in the biting acid to every cranny of the enemy's mind it touches—but of the proud, defiant type which history attributes to the Duke's great ancestor of the Porteous-riot days, the ancestor commemorated in the "Heart of Midlothian," John, Duke of Argyll. Everybody remembers the reply made by that great Duke to Queen Caroline, when she said that rather than endure the insults to which the Crown had been subjected by the people of Edingburg she would make Scotland a hunting-field: "In that case, madam, I will take leave of Your Majesty and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready." The Duke of Argyll of to-day might have uttered that speech could the circumstances by any possibility have been the same. His wrath burns clear and has no peevishness or vanity in it. If there be in its flashes a little too much of the air of one who wields the thunderbolts of Jove, yet they are, like the lightnings of Jove, swift and clear; and the Duke inherits from a long line of ancestry the useful habit of believing that his wrath resembles in this respect celestial anger, that it can hardly burn in vain. And that is a conviction which, however far it may be beyond the truth, seldom fails to avail something substantial towards producing the result which it assumes."

Chicago Times: The theory that fish as an article of diet is good for the brain is doubtless due to the fact that those who catch, and presumably, eat them, are the most ingenious and admirable liars in the world.

PRACTICAL NULLIFICATION.

The attempt of the South to emasculate the Government is not confined to the maintenance of the most dangerous form of States' Rights upon the floor of Congress, nor to the denial of the supervisory right of the Nation over the election of its own officers. It takes a still more practical and unobtrusive form in the steady and persistent efforts of the State Courts to destroy Federal authority. All attempts to assert the National will in the South are so hedged about by hostile opinion, supported by judicial practices and decisions, that the execution of the General Government's laws is becoming more precarious and embarrassing every year. It is very difficult to get juries who will convict, no matter how clear the evidence. We see continual illustrations of this in the difficulty of bring moonshiners to justice. No moonshiner would ever be punished by a jury of Southern whites, drawn from the mass of the population, as it will be when the Democracy succeeds in repealing the present jury laws. No man shooting down a Revenue Officer, or a United States Marshal in the discharge of his duty, would meet with more than formal punishment in the State Courts, if brought before them, nor would be convicted in a United States Court by a jury of whites who had a share in the Rebellion. But it is not only illicit distillers and desperate counterfeiters who assail National officers. The State Courts are converted into mighty engines of oppression to punish those acting under the authority of the government. A Marshal making an arrest under a warrant from a Federal Court, or carrying out any of its processes, renders himself liable to prosecution in the State Court which will so overwhelm him with ruinous damages, or long imprisonment as to make it almost suicide for him to do his duty. It is not difficult to understand the motive of this. Hatred on general principles of a government administered by Black Republicans has much to do with it, but a still more potent influence is the deadly teaching of States Rights, which impresses upon the people the belief that every entrance of the General Government into their State limits is an invasion of their personal rights, which should be resented and punished. The result of this will be the total destruction of respect for the National Government in the minds of the Southern people, and the inculcation of the belief that the State is supreme—a retrogression in every way to the idea that prevailed in 1832, and found expression in 1861 at the mouth of the cannon pointed at Fort Sumter.

THE FIRE FIEND.

It is impossible to take up a daily paper without being stared in the face by a long list of destructive conflagrations occurring in different parts of the country. In most cases, unless life has been lost, or the destroyed property aggregates millions of dollars, the fact is stated in the fewest possible words; loss so many thousands; insured for so much. The majority, if they read this at all, do so indifferently with no thought of what it involves. It really means that it forms a part of the great sum of $80,000,000 that is yearly swept out of this country without return, an absolute, unqualified loss of what represents so much brain and muscle that have been expended in its accumulation. If, in its destruction, any good had been obtained, the case were not so bad, but absolutely nothing is gained and this great amount lost, and the burden is to be borne by the people.

A very large proportion of this destruction of property is consequent upon sheer carelessness. It might be prevented, not only in the cases of individuals who accidentally apply the torch, but by the exercise of greater care in the construction of buildings. Block after block of houses both for business and residence, composed of the cheapest and most inflammable materials, and built without the slightest regard for safety from fire, are put up in the hearts of great cities, and soon swarming with occupants. Even those whose property is in close proximity, and would suffer in case the flames should gain a mastery there, do nothing unless the faults are so great and so glaring as to daily challenge their attention. They are insured by reliable companies, and the ball goes on until some little thing starts the fire which will lay a whole neighborhood in ashes.

Until greater precautions are taken in this matter, it is probable that $80,000,000 yearly will continue to disappear without any return to our people; $30,000,000 will be expended in the same time for the support of insurance companies, and $20,000,000 for the fire department. It would, of course, be impossible to make buildings thoroughly fire proof, but in the face of the stupendous losses through fire each year, far more attention should be paid to the matter, and a greater degree of safety thus insured.

THE DARIEN CANAL.

The Committee of Ways and Means appointed by the Darien Canal Congress showed by the estimate which they made of the rates of toll which could be charged for freight passing through the canal and the revenue that would be derived therefrom, that they were not practical business men, or at least do not understand fully the condition of the trade which would seek to employ this passage from ocean to ocean. The Committee made a calculation that 6,000,000 tons of freight would go through the Canal each year, and by charging $3 per ton, an income of $18,000,000 would be derived. A few years ago this toll, perhaps, would not have been considered exorbitant, but now, when freight is carried all over the world so cheaply, such a charge would have the effect to turn loaded vessels away to follow the old, and oft traveled routes. Time, or what would be gained by passing through the Canal, is of little moment to a large part of the trade going by that way, and therefore the charges ought not to be so disproportionately large, considered with reference to that gain. That they are so can be proved by figures showing the rates of freight upon different products whose transportation could be assisted by the use of the Darien passages. The Committee will have to try again at lower figures, or if these cannot be made, the undertaking had better be delayed until some time in the future, when the condition of commerce will warrant a toll of $3 per ton added to the regular freightage.

WE have a fine chromo of "The Lost Cause" to give any one who will satisfactorily explain why it is the highest patriotism to unite to form a solid South, but damnable sectionalism to solidify the North in opposition.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says:

> The religious question is likely to enter more or less into the Ohio campaign this year. There has been for several years a disposition to make it an issue, and now that the Democratic nominee is a strong Catholic, it will, perhaps, be impossible to keep it wholly out. The Catholic Bishop of Cleveland is more responsible than any other man for the introduction of this question in politics. He issued a strong manifesto against the public schools a few years ago, and this was soon taken up by the political parties.
>
> It is not strange that religious questions should enter into politics when they are made the pretext for an attack upon institutions which are esteemed as the very life of the land. Whatever may be the faults of the public schools—and that they have more or less it is useless to deny—their preservation and welfare are of vital importance to the country; and anything that is seemed to be aimed at their well-being cannot fail to arouse a feeling which must find a place in the discussion and settlement of public affairs. That politics should be brought into educational systems in any way, whether through the influence of religion or any other cause, is a matter to be deeply regretted. Party issues should have nothing whatever to do with the arrangements for the education of youth, and when school officers deliberately allow this to be done, they violate the trust reposed in them by the people, and are utterly unfit for the positions which they occupy. These institutions are for the people, and the whole people, whether they be Democrats, Nationals, or Republicans, Catholics or Protestants; and they should be governed and conducted accordingly.
>
> The introduction of a religious question into politics, is to be earnestly deprecated from first to last. Religious contests are more violent and bitter than all others. History tells that the bloodiest wars ever entered into were waged upon such grounds. Nothing else seemingly arouses so much fierce hatred and determination to fight to the bitter end. Why this is so is another thing. It is sufficient that it is an undeniable truth and, therefore, in a country like this, whose foundation stone is freedom of opinion, all sectarian questions ought to be rigidly excluded in the consideration of public affairs. Both Catholics and Protestants should unite in this matter, if they have the good of the nation at heart. It makes no manner of difference what Church the Governor of Ohio belongs to, providing he discharges his duties with fidelity and honor. The coming struggle of parties in Ohio must be upon issues of infinitely more importance.

T. P. BAILEY, of Sibley, Osceola Co., Ia., writes to the *Inter Ocean*:

> Nearly all, through this section, put in more grain than they can harvest, without some loss, and also have more land than they can profitably use at present; consequently, land is very cheap here, while it is almost impossible to rent land at all.
>
> It is also almost impossible to hire either men or women help even for a day's work. A great many are doing their own work now who would hire if they could do so at living rates; but to pay $2.50 a day, as I had to do last harvest, is almost as much as the grain would come to. The dairy and stock business is very fast increasing in this county, and a great many boys, or other cheap help, will be needed to herd stock and do other light work. I don't know as you can help us any, if you were disposed; but if you can, I wish to make a proposition, and I have no doubt many others will do as well.
>
> I will agree to give the free use of 20 acres of land each to two families, with children of school age, convenient to schools; and besides, will employ by the year a man and wife at good living wages on my farm. I am able and willing to do this for persons who are honest and willing to work for a good living, as we all have to here.
>
> Should this come to the eye of a negro in Louisiana or Mississippi, it will certainly strike him as better than working for starvation wages from one year's end to the other, with frequent bull dozing episodes to vary the monotony of the existence.

THE Nationalist leaders once in the Democratic party, they will begin demanding "recognition" in proportion to the votes they control. Then will come trouble. The unfailing characteristics of a Nationalist leader are boundless imagination, and illimitable veracity. In his mind's eye he has an individual following equal at least to the entire number of votes cast, and if there were more voters he would have a larger following. He demands an office commensurate with this importance, and he will have his reward on that basis, or burst the party up. Every man who is at all prominent in the Nationalist movement has left the Republican or Democratic parties because he did not get office as his vanity dictated he should. They go into the Democracy now, because they think their connection with Nationalism has given them a trading capital, which they can use to better advantage in connection with a larger concern.

THE Welsh Congregationalists are alarmed at the political outlook, which seems to them to forebode great dangers to the welfare of society. The ministers of that denomination in Northeastern Ohio, met at Thomastown Saturday and Sunday, in Convention. Among the routine business was a declaration on the state of the country, which reads as follows:

> That we deem it of the gravest importance that every voter should give is influence in favor of the Republican party as being the only party that proposes to give security and prosperity to the country upon the principles of the Constitution and the word of God. That the Democratic party is intent upon the conquest of the country by the instrumentality of the Solid South and the Romish communion.

IOWA has more grain in the field than her men can harvest. Field hands are already as much in demand as 4 per cent. bonds. Even now brawny toilers in the waving grain begin to talk about $2.50 a day—more than a skilled mechanic in the City gets. Few laborers, and especially those that are worth anything, are to be had even at that price, as industrious and temperate men are not long in providing themselves with farms, and joining the great army of employers. The Iowans, consequently, look toward the exodus with longing eyes. Nothing would please them better than to have its stream turned into the Hawkeye State.

THE Southern leaders say, in private conversation, that it is not they but their Northern allies, who prompt and urge incendiary schemes. The Southerners feel a certain degree of responsibility which deters them from proceeding to extremities. Feeling that might be called upon to make good their threats and menaces, as they were in 1861, they are somewhat guarded as to what they say. No such restraint operates upon the Northern Copperhead. He never held himself responsible for anything that he could sneak out of, and the violence of his utterances and suggestions are not tempered by the considerations of prudence that affect men generally. This is why Mr. FRANK HURD can offer and urge a resolution that a Southern Brigadier would not dare to.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby in Washington—Very Brief Reminiscenses, with Comments.

WASHINGTON,
(Wich is in the Deestrik of Columby.)
Joon 7, 1879.

It's a long time sence I trod the streets uv the Fedrel City. Ef I remember arite I hevn't bin here sence the saintid Johnson's time, when I receeved from the hands uv that gilel patriot my commishun ez Postmaster at the Cross-Roads, wich wuz ruthlisly torn from me by that military tirent, Grant. It hez changed much, and, I thank Heven, for the better.

Washington hez bin attacked by the Confedrits at two different periods. From 1861 to 1865, they failed to possess it, but ther second invasion wuz more successful. They hev it now. In the Capitol wich is the Nashen's pride, I see ez many military men in posseshen ez ever, but thank the Lord they aint the same kind. The "gol-darn" uv the Northern man is heerd no more, and in its place, my eers is delited with the more familyer "dog-gon" uv the Sunny South. No more is my feelins aggravatid by seein the tall man from Maine—the hatchet-faced Rhode Islander or the stout Pennsylvanyan in the Capitol holdin offis. They are gone and the swarthy Southerner fills their places and draws their salaries.

There are one-armed and one-legged Northern soljers enuff here, but they are walkin the streets. They ain't in place no more 'ceptin those wich is in the Departments controlled by the minyuns uv Hayes, and thank Hevin when we elect a Dimekratic President in 1880, we'll clean them out. Ef the Confedracy can't controle by the bullet, it will by the ballot.

I wuz never more encuridged in my life The bar room is crowdid with Southern patriots, and they are now in favor. It filled my eyes with teers to read a petition for the appointment of a Georgia man to a position under the Clerk uv the Senit. I've seen them petitions afore. They used to reed that the party named hed lost a leg at Gettysburg and an eye at Fair Oaks while gallantly carryin the Stars and Stripes in defence uv the Fedrel Government. They reed quite differently now. They all set forth that the petitioner lost his legs or arms or eyes, ez the case may be, in carryin the Stars and Bars in defense uv the Confedracy, and that his sacrifices for the South entitle him to recognition.

I wuz amused at one Dimekrat from the Interior uv Injeany wich hedn't heerd uv the change. He in a moment uv insanity forgot his party obligations and volunteered in the Fedrel army. He come on here with his one leg and his honorable discharge from the servis, to get a place.

He wuz sternly rebookt, and very quickly made to know that he pinted his rifle the wrong way to hope for a place in Washington. The posishen he wuz after wuz given to one uv the heroic men who fought at Fort Pillow. He may git a place after sufishent repentence, but I doubt it.

I am wunst more happy. The Confedracy is a success after all. We shel carry Ohio this Fall, and that makes a Dimokrat President in 1880. Then—but the prospeck is too gorgus to think about. Oh, how I long for the day to come!

> "Fly swiftly round ye wheels of time,
> And bring the welcome day."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich will be Postmaster.)

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

The BLADE takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following publications from the publishers, through the house of T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo:

THE PURITAN AND THE QUAKER, a story of Colonial Times, price $1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

BRIEFS BY A BARRISTER, occasional verses, by Edward R. Quinpez; price $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

ASSAILANTS OF CHRISTIANITY, a lecture, by O. B. Frothingham; paper covers; price 20c. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

READING BOOK OF ENGLISH CLASSICS, for young pupils, by C. W. Lethingwell; price $1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

EMERGENCIES, how to meet them, by Burt G. Wilder; paper covers; price 15c. G. R. Putnam's Sons, New York.

NEUROLOGICAL CONTRIBUTIONS, by W. A. Hammond, M. D.; a medical periodical; paper covers; price $1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

OLD CREOLE DAYS, by George W. Cable; price $1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A ROGUE'S LIFE, by Wilkie Collins, and AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER IN PARIS, by Emil Louvester; paper covers, price 25c each. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

PRACTICAL BOAT SAILING, by Douglas Frazar; price $1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

CONVERSATIONS ON ART METHODS, by Thomas Couture; price $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

MAN'S MORAL NATURE, an essay, by Richard Maurice Bucke, M. D.; price $1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

THE GREAT FUR LAND, or Sketches in the Hudson's Bay Territory; by H. M. Robinson; price $1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

SPIRITUAL SONGS, with music, for use in social meetings; edited by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D.; price 75c. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, a biography, by David J. Hill; price $1.00. Sheldon & Co., New York.

WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTRY; price $1.25. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS, Social, Political and Literary, from 1803 to 1843, by E. D. Mansfield. Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, O.

HUBBARD'S RIGHT HAND RECORD AND READY REFERENCE, for leading advertisers; price $2.50. H. P. Hubbard, New Haven, Conn.

MARRIAGE, (Boston Monday Lecture Series) by Joseph Cook; price $1.50. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE GOSPEL OF JOY, by Rev. Samuel Aiman and Samuel H. Speck; price ——. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

FISH HATCHING AND FISH CATCHING, by Seth Green and R. B. Roosevelt; price $1.50. Seth Green, Rochester, N. Y.

RUSKIN ON PAINTING, with biographical sketch, and AN ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, by Julian Sturgis; paper covers; price 25c each, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

RHONA, a novel, by Mrs. Forester; price $1.50. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LIFE OF BENJAMIN BUTLER, by T. A. Bland, M.D.; price $1.00 cloth, 50c paper. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

JUST ONE DAY, a story of two children; price $1.00. George R. Lockwood, New York.

RUDDER GRANGE, by Frank R. Stockton; price $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

HEARING, AND HOW TO KEEP IT, by Charles H. Burnett, M.D.; price 50c. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, Pa.

AT THE BACK OF THE MOON, or observations of lunar phases, by A. Lunar Wray; price 50c. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

What He Would Do if He Were an Eastern Humorist.

Peck's Milwaukee Sun.

Mt. Ætna is again in a state of eruption, and three new craters have appeared. The burning lava threatens the destruction of several villages, and there is great consternation. Now, if this was an Eastern humorous paper, we would ask, What is the matter with Ætna?—has it Ætna things that doesn't agree with it? And then we would lock the door of our sanctum and roll on the floor and laugh.

Tilden vs. Thurman.

Cleveland Herald.

How miserably mean it would be in Mr. Tilden to use his barl to help carry Ohio for the Republicans, just for the sake of doing something that would injure Mr. Thurman's prospects. The soul recoils at the thought of such treachery; yet, if Mr. Tilden did not feel perfectly sure Ohio would go Republican any way, there is reason to believe he would commit such a deed.

The G. W.

Burlington Hawkeye.

The nomination of Gen. Thomas Ewing is the biggest kind of an oak bottom, ash stave hickory-hooped tub thrown to the Greenback whale.

Decay of the Grant Boom.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The anti-Grant party of Missouri has increased in number 20 per cent. within a month.

THE BLADE FOR 1880.

The Representative Campaign Paper.

Size, Cheapness and Quality Unequaled.

The Presidential campaign of 1880 promises to be the most important which has ever been known in this country. What it will comprehend is foreshadowed by the course of the Confederate mob in Congress, drunk with a little brief authority, and recklessly and madly bent on using their little hour of brief authority to pervert the powers of Government for selfish and sectional purposes, and to wrest from the loyal people of the land the dearly-bought fruits of their victory over treason and rebellion. It is foreshadowed in the illy-concealed greed of the horde of Southern Democrats who are beseiging the Capital clamorous for a share in the party spoils, for the disbursement of National funds for Southern appropriations, and for the pensioning of the men who shed the best blood of the land in unholy and fratricidal war. And last but not least, it is foreshadowed in the rabid utterances of half a score of financial lunatics, whose vagaries, if carried into effect, would demoralize the whole business of the country and prolong the period of depression and distress from which we are now gradually, but surely recovering.

From this time until the Presidential election of 1880 is held and decided, the events in the political world will be of the greatest significance, the gravest moment to the country. And on all the subjects indicated the BLADE, in the future, as in the past, will give forth no uncertain sound. It is a radical of radicals and will always be found in the foremost ranks of its party championing the cause of true Republicanism. It will insist on maintaining the results of the war unimpaired, in full and free elections in all parts of the country unclouded by fraud or in intimidation; in bestowing the honors and emoluments of office on the loyal element of the country only; and in adhering unwaveringly to the financial policy which has made the Government's promise to pay a dollar equal to a dollar in gold.

As a general and family paper, the BLADE will continue all those features which have contributed to make it the leading paper of its class—the Nasby Letters, the Answers to Correspondents, the Household Department, and the various other features which make it so attractive to readers both male and female, old and young. The story of Andersonville and other Southern prisons will be extended for several weeks yet, and many chapters of deep interest are yet to be published. In this connection we take pleasure in announcing that with the first of January we shall begin a new story by the author of "Andersonville," giving the adventures and experiences of an infantry soldier during the rebellion. It will follow the daily life of a soldier in the Western army through all the vicissitudes of the camp, the march, the battlefield, and interweave with the story historic accounts of celebrated battles, sketches, and incidents and anecdotes of a soldiers' life, the whole making one of the most interesting narratives of the kind ever published.

During the Summer the BLADE will continue to extend to short-time subscribers special and extremely liberal rates which will be made known by postal card on application. For the year beginning January 1, 1880, and for the six months prior to the Presidential election, detailed announcements will be made in November and April respectively. In these announcements the BLADE expects to be able to establish prices which will be lower than those of any paper of corresponding features and advantages, thus making it for the coming year the cheapest as well as the best paper of its class in the country. Parties who may not continue as regular subscribers till the opening of the new year, are earnestly requested to keep these statements in mind, and to send us a postal card for full particulars whenever they may be ready to renew.

A Sprightly Colloquy.

Our Washington correspondent sends us the subjoined sketch of a little passage between Conkling and Thurman, which goes to show how the Senate puts in the time:

> Conkling (Speaking in regard to the City water)—I have heard the Senator from Ohio (Mr. Thurman) very emphatic in talking about the Board of Public Works. Whenever the Senator gets after a thing that he really believes is wrong he strikes a very high rate of speed, and I have seen him go for the Board of Public Works as that historical character went for the Heathen Chinee. * * * I wish the Hon. Senator from Ohio would, when his battle spirit is on him, when he is in good voice and feels that something ought to be rended or devoured, just go for those water works once, and I could have the pleasure of sitting by and hearing it set forth by a man who knows.
>
> Thurman—Will the Senator allow me to ask what he drinks?
>
> Conkling—The Hon. Senator from Ohio wishes to know what I have been in the habit of drinking since I have been in Congress. I beg to say to the Hon. Senator that it is not that beverage so universally drank by the party of whom he is the distinguished leader.
>
> Thurman—If the Senator only addicted himself to that beverage, it would have liberalized his heart and made him a far more amiable man.
>
> Conkling—And saved the expense of a filter. For I am told they do not filter it but take it *straight*.

"The Persistent Questioner Grows Wise."

Paris Register.

A correspondent reports this incident of a visit to Pompeii: "We were about half way through the interesting old city, when one of our party, an American, stopped short and said, 'Hold on a minute; who the devil was this Pompey, anyhow?' Now this is true, and my ears heard it."

Baron Lionel N. De Rothschild

New York Times, 4th inst.

Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild, the head of the London branch of the world famous banking-house of Messrs. Rothschild & Co., died in London yesterday, in the 71st year of his age. He was the son of the late Baron Nathan Meyer de Rothschild—who founded the London branch in 1808, and who died June 28, 1836, leaving his title and position as head of the house to Lionel—and grandson of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, the original founder of the house at Frankfort-on-the Main. Baron Lionel was born in London, Nov. 22, 1808, just after his father had established the London branch of the banking business of Rothschilds. He was married in 1836 under somewhat peculiar circumstances. His father had come to the conclusion that in order to perpetuate the fame and the power of the Rothschilds, which had already become world-wide, it was necessary that the family be kept together, and devoted to the common cause. In order to do this, he proposed that they should intermarry and form no marital unions outside the family. A council of the heads of the house was called in Frankfort in 1826, and the views of Baron Nathan were approved. As the beginning of this policy, Lionel, the eldest son of the Baron, was at once united in marriage to his cousin Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Charles Rothschild. Lionel at this time had not passed his 18th year, and his father died within a month after the celebration of his son's nuptials. In

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Women's Work—How It Is Developed and Fostered—Women's Repository—Women's Exchange—A Promise.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

NEW YORK, June 7.

I have had for some time the intention of giving you impressions of the different Societies and plans for the encouragement of women's work. The oldest of these is the

WOMEN'S REPOSITORY,

for twenty years notable among a few for its exquisite needlework, of the old, ladylike perfection. When it was founded, women had hardly begun to crave variety of occupation as restlessly as they seem to now, and the Repository was a quiet, select affair, set up under the patronage of some Church ladies who wished to provide employment for finished needlewomen as well as a resource where the work could be found at any time by those fastidious in such matters. A small room up stairs on a Broadway corner contains the show cases of the Society, filled with ladies' linen and infant's robes of a quality hardly found in shops. It is a pity that all sewers could not take instruction here, or at least see the beautiful work, to know for once in their lives what sewing should be. How vulgarly the tawdry robes of the furnishing shops with their coarse showy Hamburg insertions compare with these simple little frocks of nainsook, almost like India muslin, so fine and clear is it, with their wide hem and cluster of fine tucks, done by hand, each stitch taking up two threads and no more, each line straight as a draftsman's ruling, the neck and long sleeves finished with the narrowest edging of French embroidery which costs like lace, very lilies of dresses, without a stitch or line awry in their fairy-like folds. You may get a robe of India cotton, showy with Hamburg insertions and borders a finger deep for $3 at the avenue stores, but you cannot buy one of these simple frocks for less than $5, and most of them are $8. They are worth the price, as specimens of the art of fine needlework, now almost lost, and the workers are mostly elderly women who learned to sew under the old regime, when it is clear that an hour to have work done at the Repository, so exceptional is the finish required on all garments, I fancy it is not widely known, its wares being above common wants, and the beneficiaries holding the place of favored dependents, whose worth and character—at least as good workmen—are above suspicion. But this exceptional society was once the rule of sewing, not its wonder. Mary's robe and cap was once shown me in a Massachusetts farm house, wrought 50 years before by a plain housekeeper for her own baby. The material was linen cambric, firm and fine, and the work made it costly. The embroidery and lace work on the cap, fine as the finest stitches wrought by convent fingers, the tender beaded rows of stitching that put hair-work to the blush, were done by a woman who scrubbed her floor and wove and dyed for her family in good old style. I have seen the point lace worked by Mary, Queen of Scots, and the stitching of Queen Elizabeth, besides costly hoarded embroideries, heirlooms of the Bulgarian women, and Spanish work in silks and water color, where you could hardly guess which was painting and which needlework, and the lovely case of work by the Peruvian ladies, which, to me, was the charm of the Centennial Exhibition. To tell the truth, the Queen of Scots was very scarce, but these one or Stuart's complaints of her captivity was that she was denied materials for her needle-work, which was her delight and solace, and the Princess Elizabeth was rather closely kept for pocket money when she was a girl, and not over fond of embroidering for her stepmother's royal habiliments. The work of the farmer's wife of Newburyport vied with the specimens all. I am not sure it was not the finest, and the work of the Repository dames plays a fair second to it.

THE WOMEN'S EXCHANGE

which set up its banner-screens in the once fashionable brown stone house, just left by the Decorative Society, offers the most unique stores ever gathered, to its customers. A confusion of fancy work in the bay window, foretells the purpose of the house, a gay rocking chair and painted tea table, scrap-baskets and art-tidies, wrought screens and scarfs, a glimpse of painted china—serene as china always looks amid elegant disorder—mats in fans and small baskets tied with pink ribbon, getting faded in the sun, suggest that merely suggest the perpetual lunar going on within. Tables, side cases, and walls are heaped and hung with a litter of ornamental work. The lace cases are full of tea-napkins, with indelible ink designs, and grotesque scenes in outline stitch, the lace pincushions and coarse point-lace common to such collections, and there held some remarkable work by an aged woman—a handkerchief of sheer lawn, worked in the finest embroidery till it rivaled lace in value. How poor our fingers seem which do no such elfin work to-day, and whose ability is little finer than this common scribbling with the pen, and cheap and easy modeling of bas reliefs in clay, or the hasty outline sketching and art-work of the artist or author. Would not child's play for grown women. There is painted china, much of it sooo, and crewel work on crash, panel pictures, plaques and velvet tables, cabinets with silk panelled doors and carvings, baby dresses, wonderfully long and pretty, neatly made, pouch drawing room curtains, a medange of floory which no one gets enough of, since the standard is not severe, and every woman who can get a member of the society to propose her is free to send whatever and whomever she chooses. The middle room has a range of drawers that attract me more, for they are deep with a confusion of homely and most necessary things, knit mittens, scarfs and stockings, shirts and aprons for children. Alas! people seem to think that anything hand knit is good enough, and the work is coarse as the staples of German wool shops, too short to cover the little knees and garter neatly out of sight, and so coarse is your knitting that they must shrink badly at the first washing. They are cheap enough, the price asked being from 25 to 60 cents for children's stockings, including wool, knitting, seaming and society's per cent. for selling. When will women learn that a fine, well-shaped stocking, of solid color, with no fancy ribbing or stitches, but with double heels, toes and knees is the only thing really desirable in the way of hand knitting. I turn the drawers of knitting work over, hoping to find something that comes up to the standard of what a stocking ought to be, but my experience and that of the Society seem to agree with the published report of the Prince Consolation of Needlework at Oxford, England, wherein the examiners mournfully declare, of the many "pairs of stockings (were well knitted)—the shape was very bad." I don't find any quite as remarkable as the pair sent me from Iowa by a woman who claimed to have knit stockings all her life, which in too big a hurry to wait for the model, she began on receipt of the material for a woman's size, but finding they were for an eight-year-old child, she narrowed down at the ankle and doubled them. Trunk hose being out of fashion, I keep them for a curiosity, and she keeps the other pair for her pay. I am only out the cost of material for two pairs of stockings, needles and postage; and have gained a degree of insight into feminine human nature rather dampening to benevolent enterprise. The shape of hand-knit hose in general, would lead me to believe that the type of leg with which knitters are familiar begins below the knee, with the taper of a pick-handle and the heel was exactly an inch deep. I muse mournfully over these evidences of physical degeneracy, and turn on. There are some cheap gingham aprons, and plaids, ruffled and trimmed, but only suited to the commonest wearers, and I should of sale, and I wonder when somebody will discover that there is the greatest popularity and profit waiting for childrens' garments of all kinds and sizes, *well* made of good material in the plainest manner, or with the simplest trimming in *good taste*. There is also a stock of costly wear, velvet frocks, and fine slips over pink silk, and cloaks embroidered half a yard deep, but between these and very ordinary things, coarsely made, with showy trimming, there is no middle class of trim, tasteful economy. Yet nothing would sell better, society which I've been tempted to throw down the pen, begin the manufacture of children's clothing, and deserve well of my day and generation.

But the farther room is the distinguishing success of the Women's Exchange, and brings to it, from peculiarly womanly gifts and skill. Here is a cake, confectionery and preserve department from contributors, like the cosmetic and lace and knitting. Women who have no special abilities, but are able to pride themselves on their tea-cake and preserves, turn these to account by rivaling City confectioners. Some of the cake comes from the country near Albany, other things from the villages of West New York. Being of the rich, keeping order, it bears transportation and delay in the sale-room. A brisk business is done in this department about the holidays, especially for the New Year lunches, and the society sold $800 worth of cake last Winter.

Gold and silver and lady cake, fruit and sponge cake lie in the cases, looking unmistakably home-made; but I was brought up in the country among good housekeepers, and am too much a connoisseur in cake to be enthusiastic over it, like the writer in Col. Forney's *Progress*, which, as usual, overdoes the matter by affecting that purchasers prefer delicious home-made cake, "prepared by the dainty hands of gentle-women, to the somewhat doubtful compounds of the confectioner. The fashionable confectioner, in consequence, has been obliged to lower his hitherto exorbitant prices." Now, the plain truth of the matter is that the name "home-made" goes a great way with some people—much farther than it does with the expert, who is obliged to prefer the undoubted compounds of Parssell and Deane, the best New York cake-bakers, to the tolerably good, well-meant essays from the well-worn hands of honest village housekeepers, not if that gold cake, slightly fallen with too much butter in it, is a test example of cake-baking as yet. As for the prices, they are ahead of Parssell, and I don't know what country readers will say to sponge-cake at 50 cents a pound, lady-cake at 35, and doughnuts at three shillings a dozen. I tried the cake, in the interest of knowledge, and I am afraid the *Progress* man's or woman's mother didn't as a rule have good luck with her baking if he counts it of high quality. It is good to the taste—couldn't very well help being so with the overload of richness put into it, but not "discriminating" cake, with that balance of ingredients, that lightness and refinement of flavor which delicious cake really has. There is room for some good cake-making housekeeper to show City people what fine cake is, and if the society will be enlightened not to ask three times for the cake what it is worth, they will sell 80,000 worth in a season instead of $800. The jam, jelly and pickle department has proved very successful, thought an experienced eye would insist on taking them out of the sunny window where the light was spoiling somebody's bottled strawberries as fast as it could. You and I know that preserves want to be kept out of the light to insure their keeping well, but lady artists and embroiderers can hardly be expected to know this. The sight is very interesting, however. I like to look at the glass jars and fancy the work that went on in home kitchens preparing them with stew-pan and skimmer, jelly bag and white sugar, and the housekeeper's satisfaction when her little account comes from the Society, with the little pin money all her own. All this comes up before me, and I go off to the office desk of a sensible, clear-headed lady editor and we compare impressions, and criticise in a good-humored way and wonder why women can't be encouraged to do something at its best, and feel glad that a way has opened for such homely, desirable skill to become profitable and take its place with the china-painting, and clay-scooping, and butter-modeling and all the rest of unnecessary small art.

I had hoped to speak of the Decorative Art Rooms, with their beautiful furnishings, but perhaps it is better to give that subject a letter by itself.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Ohio Democratic Convention—Death of Hon. E. C. Ingersoll—The Latest Program of the Democratic Caucus.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1879.

The proceedings of the Ohio Democratic Convention are published in our papers this morning and are freely discussed on all hands. The Democrats applaud the nominations and regard them as the best that could be made. They refer with special satisfaction to the soldier element and the combination of interests in the ticket and that it does not represent any kind of ring rule. Thurman did not get his favorite for the first place but he is quite satisfied that Tilden is still more unfortunate in losing Bishop, while Mr. Ewing does not distinctly represent either. Then the ticket takes all the starch out of the greenback movement and it is expected that the third party will be won over, or, at any rate, will be broken to pieces and amount to nothing as an opposing element.

On the other hand the Republicans snap their finger at the nominations, and say that while the ticket is apparently the strongest ticket that could be made, it is in reality weaker than if it had been headed by Bishop or Rice. It throws away Hamilton County and the strong Democratic City of Cincinnati turns a cold shoulder on the old parti nomine. Democracy turns over the Germans to Foster. But, whether this is a correct view of the Convention or not, there is one aspect of its work which ought to be regarded by the country with great satisfaction. If Bishop had been nominated he would have represented nobody but Bishop; if Rice had been nominated he would have taken the brick because he was a soldier. Ewing represents the Democratic party. He has a distinctive place in the public thought as the embodiment of modern Democratic perversity. He is for soft money, for inflation, for the rule of the caucus, for the domination of the solid South, for all the loose and shuffling expedients which have marked the return of the Bourbons to power, and that is precisely the element which we desire to see contested in Ohio. If the Lord be God serve him. But if Baal then serve him. What the country wants is a fair fight between the opposing elements of honesty, equality and soundness represented by the Republican party, and the dishonest, bill-boring, corrupting and repudiating policy represented by the Democrats. In that regard the result is secondary. The battle is the victory, which ever way it goes, must be accepted by the country. The result ought not to be doubtful.

The sudden death of Hon. E. C. Ingersoll, a few days ago called together a host of our most distinguished citizens, who stood as mourners at the side of his grave. His brother, Robert G. Ingersoll, so widely known as the eloquent advocate of infidelity, made a characteristic oration at the funeral which is largely quoted and which is probably the best thing that an infidel could say on such an occasion. I refer to it because the effect was to show what a blank thing life is without any hope in the future. If anybody can read the little oration without feeling a hunger after the future life, without longing for the faith of Paul and the victory which only Christianity can give he must be made up on a singular pattern. The Baltimore *Sun* says that Col. Ingersoll's burial service "will reconcile many persons to a death in the bosom of the church, if, for no other reason, to have sensible words spoken beside their graves," and our *Evening's Star*, which is not at all given to religious enthusiasm, says that "there is no such damper in politics or outery to death." Sure enough it is the cold shroud of a man who drops out of life without hope and leaves nothing behind him to give hope to others! There is nothing like the rewards of the future to develop the highest order of manhood and nothing like Christian faith to give us victory over the grave.

The Times, of this city, said, a few days ago, that "the country was waiting to see what fresh science of depravity was to be concocted by the Democratic caucus." Well, it has not waited in vain. The latest scheme of the caucus has the premium over all others for meanness, selfishness and trickery. After all its shuffling it has come to one conclusion, which is eminently characteristic. It has agreed to pass one bill without any political color, and that is the bill which embraces the salaries of the members. The legislative bill is to go to the President without any greasy offensive job in it, because it is necessary that Congressmen should get their pay, and because they can, when full and comfortable themselves, bear with wonderful equanimity any privations or sufferings that may fall to the lot of others. The legislative bill is expected to get the Presidential approval.

But out of the legislative bill is to be taken all the appropriations that concern the Federal Courts. These Courts are particularly hateful to the Confederate Brigadiers, as was the Federal Courts that broke down the KuKlux conspiracy; it was the Federal Courts that undertook to punish the Southern election frauds, it was the Federal Courts that broke up the whisky rings, and the Confederate Congress has come to the conclusion that the country can do without these Courts. So, all that part of the legislative bill which concerns the Federal Courts is to be taken out of it and put in a separate bill, which is to prescribe the judicial offices which are to be provided for but is to omit supervisors, special marshals, etc., it being understood that the President will find it difficult to veto a bill simply because it *omits* to provide for certain things. But, if the worst comes to the worst, and the President declines to use the veto, the Confederate strategenders think they can stand it. It will not affect their own salaries, and as to the Courts—well, what of it? Mr. Atkins said to a reporter that it would occasion no great trouble, as "the salaries of the Judges are provided for in another bill," and added "the worst that will happen will be the suspension of the United States Courts."

Exactly! The worst that can happen! The suspension of one branch of the Government! Only that! and in a time of peace!

As to the Army bill, it is thought best to try the metal of the President once more. The bill is to provide that no money which is appropriated therein, shall be used in the subsistence or transportation of troops employing peace at the polls. But if the President does not like this provision and vetos the bill in consequence, it is given out that the bill will not be allowed to fail. The Brigadiers seem to think that if they can get rid of the Courts they can manage to get along with the army, since the President has never used it, and does not propose to use it, and there was never any danger that he would use it for the purpose suggested. We shall see in due time what the President will do, and we assuredly know what the country will do. The New York *Tribune* well says that "No party that has the support of the solid South will ever rule this country again. No public man of either party who is cursed with the support of the solid South, can ever again hold any large influence, for the people of the North are not idiots and cannot be cheated by the tricks of cross-road politicians." Yet this silly trick of the caucus is put forth as a master-stroke of party politicians.

Congress is doing nothing, but waits, as it has waited for so many months, on the doings of the caucus. Of course, when everything is shaped by the star-chamber and the fiat goes forth, Congress will have nothing to do but to register the wisdom of that profound body. But, if the rules allow of any discussion, the last infamy of that midnight assemblage will look blacker than any thing which it has yet achieved. But it is evident that the country is aroused, and that the Fall elections will sound a warning in the ears of the solid South which they very much need to hear. We await the result with the utmost confidence in the good sense of the American people.

BUCKEYE.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

An Interview with a Man who Won $15,000 in the Louisiana Lottery Drawing—Singular Combination of Circumstances.

New Orleans Picayune, May 23.

Fortune's favors are not confined to any particular locality. So thought Mr. P. M. Spinelli, of Brownsville, Texas, when he invested his money in a ticket which drew $15,000 in the Louisiana Lottery. Mr. Spinelli is a lucky man, and it may interest our readers to be informed of the circumstances under which he added $15,000 to his cash account.

A representative of the *Picayune* called last evening upon this gentleman, who was found at the City Hotel. The reporter was ushered into the presence of a handsome man, with the dark hair and complexion of the Italian type, who was apparently in the prime of life, and in excellent health.

A cordial shake of the hand and pleasant greeting was the reception which the reporter encountered, which encouraged him to inquire as to the antecedents of the favorite of fortune. Mr. Spinelli stated that he was a native of Nice, and was 47 years of age.

Observing the reporter's particular inquiries as to his age, nativity, etc., Mr. Spinelli said: "I know what you are after: you wish to make a combination of numbers to correspond with the winning number. Well, that is simple enough. The number which drew the capital prize this month was 47,579. I am 47 years of age, and this is the 5th month of the year '79."

There you have the figures—47, 5, 579. Continuing his narration in response to the interrogatories propounded by the *Picayune* representative, Mr. Spinelli said he was a man of family, and by occupation a commission merchant.

In 1874 he went to California, returning to Brownsville five or six months ago. In California he speculated considerably, but did not strike any bonanzas like the Louisiana Lottery.

To use his own words: "Have always been a prosperous man, and made some good speculations in California, but struck no such bonanzas as the Louisiana Lottery, which puts $15,000 into my cash account.

Mr. S. said he had taken a ticket in the lottery drawing last November, and did not win anything, but he was amply repaid by his subsequent good fortune.

Being pressed to relate how he came to invest in the last drawing, he said: "I came across a two-dollar bill in Mexican currency which is at a discount of 20 per cent. I thought I would not go to the trouble of changing it, and happened to notice in a New Orleans paper an advertisement of the drawing of the Louisiana Lottery. I wrote to the company, inclosing the two-dollar bill. The mail boat having gone, I concluded to wait for the next steamer, and laid the letter on my table among a lot of papers. I had forgotten all about it until the day when the steamer was about to leave.

A gentleman who wished to send by the boat certain papers that I had, asked me if they were ready. In searching for them I noticed the letter I had written six or seven days before to the lottery company. I picked up the letter and mailed it.

By the return steamer I did not get an answer, and to tell you the truth, I thought the money was gobbled by some pothunter. But this turned out to be entirely incorrect.

On May 13th, in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, a telegram was received in Brownsville stating that a certain number had won the $20,000 prize. I remarked jocosely that I had won the prize. I was standing in front of the postoffice when the mail wagon arrived.

As soon as the mail was distributed I went to my box and found a letter containing two half-tickets. I returned to my residence and looked at the tickets in my room, after which I put them in my pocket and went down stairs.

As I was leaving the house a friend of mine stopped me and said that the number telegraphed was not the correct one. It showed one No. 47,579 written on his shirt cuff, which he said was the correct number winning the capital prize.

I looked at my ticket and saw I had won, but I did not let everybody know it. I kept mum, and the next morning I started for New Orleans. I arrived here yesterday, and to-day I went to the office of the Lottery Company. They gave me a check for $15,000 as soon as I presented my ticket, and to-morrow morning I return to Brownsville richer by that amount.

As I have to get up early in the morning I will bid you good night, and hope that you may have as good luck as I have had."

With these words Mr. Spinelli withdrew to prepare for an early start this morning.

For information relating to the Semi-Annual Drawing, 17th inst., under the sole personal management of Gens. G. T. Beauregard and Jubal A. Early, address M. A. DAUPHIN, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La.

The Monarch of the Fashion Magazines.

EHRICHS' FASHION QUARTERLY for Summer comes comes to tell us what to wear, what to eat, what to play at, what to read, and how to behave ourselves generally, during the sultry Summer days. The cost by the year is but 12½ cents a number; and an enumeration of the contents of the Summer issue will show how full and varied is the entertainment provided by the publishers. The department devoted to literature opens with a reprint of Mary Howitt's charming poem, "Birds in Summer," whose breezy melody well entitles it to the resurrection Messrs. Ehrichs have accorded it. Next comes the conclusion of a well-written novelette commenced in the Spring number. Then follow poems by Josephine Pollard and K. T. W., intermingled with stories and sketches by Kate True, Daisy Eyebright, Kate Tannatt Woods, Regia Embury, etc., all interesting and readable. Mrs. Kate Hamilton discourses from her "Easy Chair" with all the grace and sparkle that erstwhile characterized her utterances in "Hearth and Home;" while Miss Juliet Corson contributes "Our Household Council," and a seasonable chapter on "Table Talk and Social Etiquette." In the Fashion Department is found to be found a bewildering array of costumes for Summer use, embracing suits of every description, from the richest silk to the plainest calico wrapper. Following these are a complete line of tourists' articles, embracing everything needed by the most exacting traveler, and a well illustrated descriptive list of materials for Summer sports and pastimes. The Spring number of the quarterly contained a great deal of information adapted to both Spring and Summer, and should be consulted in connection with the last issue. Altogether, EHRICHS' FASHION QUARTERLY is a credit to its publishers, Ehrich & Co., 287 and 295 Eighth avenue, New York. Price, 50 cents a year, or 15 cents a single number.

The Staff of Life.

For several months the BLADE, through its advertising columns, has directed the attention of its readers to the valuable chemical discovery now being widely introduced under the name of Horsford's Chemical Bread Preparation. Very many of the housekeepers of the BLADE family have used Prof. Horsford's preparation, and those who have done so give it unqualified praise. To these of our new subscribers who have not had the opportunity of reading what has been said by the BLADE on the subject editorially, we may add that Horsford's Bread Preparation seems to combine in a very high degree all those qualities which go to make good bread, and to have won the warmest commendation from those who have submitted it to scientific tests. Samples sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp by the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, Rhode Island.

For the BLADE.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

On the river bank where the shadows, creeping
Down through leaves, in the star's soft glow,
Hung like a bannered outpost, keeping
Silent guard o'er friend and foe;
Two armies under their white tents lay—
On *this* side the Blue,—on *that*, the Gray!

The clash and din of the day were over,
Bugle and drum and fife were still;
The cricket chirped in the dewy clover,
Sharp answering notes to the whippoorwill,
And the oriole sang her vesper lay
To the boys in Blue, and the boys in Gray!

They were children all of one proud mother,
Jealously held from shame and harm;
But brother forgot the name of brother;
Threw off the shield of the mother's arm,
And bitter thoughts that night held sway
In the hearts of the Blue and the hearts of the Gray.

They sullenly longed for the fateful morrow,
For the cannon's voice, for the march of death;
For the cries of pain—the wails of sorrow,
The curse or the prayer with the dying breath;
Ah, woe for the light that should fade away
From the eyes of the Blue and the eyes of the Gray!

But hark! through the mists that enwrap the river,
Faintly and slowly the zephyrs throw
Echoes that make the stern lips quiver,
Voices that rise from the "long ago;"
And memory's fingers deftly stray
O'er the hearts of the Blue and the hearts of the Gray!

Then from *that* side and *this*, the cadence swelling,
Sweeter and louder the full notes come;
Minnling in one grand chorus, telling
The dear old story of "Home, Sweet Home;"
And the grass was bright where the moonbeams lay,
With the tears of the Blue, and the tears of the Gray!

MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

RUSSIAN RADICALISM.

How the Czar's Government Suppresses the Nihilists.

Paris Paper.

Scene: St. Petersburg.

Janitor—I can't stand this any longer, sir; I don't mind doing the duties ordinarily expected of one in my position, but I cannot be on watch all the 24 hours to see that the Nihilists don't stick revolutionary posters on the front wall. I've gone 11 nights without sleep now.

Proprietor—But, my poor Ivan Ivanovitch, I did not make the law which all owners of houses are obliged to obey, providing for a fine of 500 roubles if a placard is posted up on the premises, and imprisonment if the offense is repeated. Here, drink this coffee—it will keep you awake. To-night I will go on watch and you can get a good sleep.

Janitor—Thanks, my good master; your nobly considerate conduct lends me renewed strength.

(An hour later the janitor comes in to breakfast.)

Proprietor—Great Todleben!* where have you been? Why, man, there is a revolutionary placard pasted on your back!

Janitor—Is there? I suppose I must have closed my eyes for a minute or two. They have a keen eye for business, those Nihilists. Let's tear it up.

Proprietor—No; don't tear it up, because some of its fragments might be found and we might be sent to Siberia. Turn it up, coat and all—I'll give you a new one. Now, go back to your post, and for the love of heaven do not doze a wink.

The janitor returns. The proprietor watches him from the window, and whenever he nods shouts, "Now, then Ivan Ivanovitch, keep awake!" In the course of the long, long, weary day the police arrive.

Official—We have come to search the premises.

Proprietor—But, Count, I belong to no association. I am merely a peaceful citizen who passes his days and nights watching to see that his watchman doesn't fall asleep.

Official—I have General Gourko's orders to enter your house and see that you have no concealed arms.

Proprietor—All I have is an old shot-gun without lock, stock or barrel.

Official—The Nihilists could easily furnish you those. Your shot-gun is confiscated and you may thank your lucky stars that you get off so easily. What's in that drawer?

Proprietor—Knives.

Official—Knives! I confiscate them.

Proprietor—But, Prince, they are table knives and to-night I give a dinner party—my daughter is engaged to be married and this is to celebrate her betrothal.

Official—You must eat with your fingers, that's all.

Proprietor—But, Grand Duke, how are we to carve the fowls?

Official—Tear 'em in pieces, or bite out chunks—it'll all be in the family. Where's your bedroom?

Proprietor—Here, your Imperial Excellency, and if you find any deadly weapon in it I want to be sent to Siberia.

Official—I might send you there if it were worth the trouble, for here is a razor which in the practised hands of a desperate man might be used to slay the whole imperial family. I will confiscate the razor.

(The family dinner takes place, though under disadvantages, and the unhappy man forgets all the trials and troubles of the day. At the dessert, just as he was about to propose the health of the soon-to-be-wedded pair, he receives a note couched in these terms):

You are a traitor! You have to-day given up to the tyrants the arms in your possession. You have therefore been doomed to death by

Yours respectfully,
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
per Tomski Collinsovitch.

Proprietor (tearing his hair)—There! That's all that was lacking to make it complete! Read that!

His Future Son-in-Law—You were wrong, sir; there is a good deal to be said on both sides.

Proprietor—Wrong! was I? Perhaps you are a Nihilist? (with bitter sarcasm.)

His Future Son-in-Law——I have the honor to be the chief of Section 217 and I don't care who knows it.

His Daughter—Yes, pa, and that is why I lo-lo-love him. (Casts herself in her lover's arms.)

Proprietor—Merciful heaven! are you a Nihilist, too, Pauliovna?

His Daughter—Yes, pa, and so are my sisters and my cousins and my aunts.

All the Guests—And so are we—all of us.

Proprietor—I will denounce you to the authorities—call the police.

His Future Son-in-Law—If you utter one word I will fire this train and blow up the house, which we had mined as a precaution lest the police should make a descent on us while we were at dinner.

Proprietor—And here I have been passing my days and nights keeping watch on my janitor.

Omnes—Your janitor! Ho, ho! Look out of the window and see what your janitor is doing.

Proprietor—May I be knouted and sent to Siberia if my janitor isn't covering the whole front of the house with four-sheet revolutionary posters!! (Faints.)

*NOTE.—"Great Todleben" is a popular Russian exclamation, much like our own "Great Scott."

Delicacy of the Mint Scales.

New Orleans Times.

The fine gold-weighing scales made in Philadelphia for the New Orleans mint, and placed in position yesterday, are marvels of mechanical invention and accurate workmanship. The larger of the two has a capacity of 10,000 ounces troy, or about 686 pounds avoirdupois, and when loaded to its full weight will indicate a variation of one thousandth part of an ounce, or the millionth part of its weighing capacity. Another pair of scales is the one intended for weighing gold only. It has bearings composed of the finest agates, which have been ground with wonderful precision. So delicate is this machine that it will give the precise weight of a human hair, and is susceptible to the slightest atmospheric changes. Millions of dollars' worth of precious metals will be weighed annually upon these scales.

WOMEN PREPARING TO VOTE.

Boston's Wealth and Education, not its Ignorance nor its Vice—The Newly Acquired Rights of the Sex in the Old Bay State.

Boston Advertiser.

If any one thinks the majority of educated and thinking women have received their newly acquired right to vote on educational questions with indifference he is very much mistaken. To one who has listened to the discussions among themselves on the question, before the last beneficent Legislature had conferred the privilege upon them, it was quite entertaining to listen to their remarks afterward, and it may be added, instructive as well, since it gave an insight into the motive which controls an earnest woman's actions and thought. A recent conversation between several representative women was somewhat as follows: "Well, we've got to vote," an active opponent of the measure announced with much decision, and altogether more satisfaction than her previous sentiments would have warranted. "Not necessarily," was the reply of a suffrage advocate, "very many men never go near the polls; you can exercise the same privilege, you know. No one is going to drive you to do what you don't wish to; it's go or stay, just as you please." "Indeed, it's not," was the warm rejoinder. "Since the right has been given us, it is a plain duty, and we've no right to shirk it. I have always thought that the educated men who neglected it were guilty of a most culpable neglect, and I can't do what I have so often condemned in others. There is no question of choice; there is only one thing to be done, and I shall do it."

"But what are we to do?" queried one of the newly enfranchised. "There's some preliminary ceremony or other to be gone through, and we can't vote until we've gone through it."

"We've got to pay a poll tax—I know that much," said one of the newly-fledged citizen; "but how in the world can we unless somebody knows we want to."

At this juncture it was suggested by one who had been listening, but had heretofore taken no part in the discussion, because he was curious to see how it would end, that the entire party should go to the Assessor's office in the City Hall, and signify to those in charge their desire to contribute their share toward the payment of municipal expenses, in return for the privilege of saying who shall serve on the School Board; and this disinterested person further showed his interest by offering to accompany them.

There was no more delay than was necessary in putting on bonnets and gloves, and in an incredible short time the party was on its way to the City Hall. Preceded by their pilot, they marched boldly to the door of the Assessors' room and entered. The gentlemen at the desks looked up and smiled as the delegation entered. It was quite evident that they knew its errand, and that its members were not the first visitors on the same errand. A gentleman detached himself from a group at the further end of the room and came forward. There was a merry twinkle in his eye, and he looked extremely amused probably at the supernatural solemnity of the party, who looked apprehensive but determined, as if they didn't know what terrible ordeal they would have to go through, but whatever it was they would not flinch.

The errand was explained by the spokesman. The gentleman knew it before any one had stated it, but he received it as though it were quite new.

"It is a very easy matter, ladies. I can tell you all about it in a very short time. First of all, you must fill out these blanks and sign them." Each of the ladies was given a paper, which was a printed statement to the assessors of the City of Boston, setting forth that the person who presented it was "a female citizen of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," who wanted to pay a poll tax. It was followed by a list of taxable property, which, when filled out properly, would be a statement of the amount possessed by the person whose name was signed to it.

"You can take these papers with you, ladies," said the gentleman who had given them. When it is filled out it is to be brought back here."

"But what then?"

"From this the assessors will be able to make out your tax bills if there is anything besides the poll tax. The bill will be sent to you the first of September. You will pay it here, and when it is paid you will receive a certificate, which you will take to the Board of Registration in Pemberton Square and be registered. That is all, ladies, that you will have to do."

"Dear me, how simple! We thought it a much more intricate process."

Judging from the faces there was a heavy weight lifted off the entire party's mind. It was evident that they had all vague ideas of something quite dreadful, and were surprised to find it the simplest matter-of-fact proceeding in the world. One of the party gathered courage to ask a few questions concerning the new law and its probable workings, with the following result: Between 200 and 300 women have been registered in Boston; every day sees the number added to, and it is very probable that by autumn the number will be very large. Without exception those who have presented themselves have been women who have represented the wealth and culture of the City. Many of them have been possessed of large property; all of them have been well educated women. They do not by any means represent exclusively the so-called "strong minded," but there are many who have been either indifferent, or even in some cases opposed, but who have accepted it, as did one member of this company, as a duty which must be fulfilled. No women either ignorant or disreputable had presented themselves.

Chicago papers speak of St. Louis as a "summer resort," although St. Louis revivalists find some consolation in singing, "There is a land that is hotter than this," and in believing that Chicago people will go there in the "sweet bye-and-bye."—*Telegram*.

THAT the phonograph can "bottle up" the voice and pass it down to future ages is indeed a wonder, but is not the restoration of a *lost* voice more wonderful? And yet Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery speedily restores a lost voice, cures hoarseness, sore throat, bronchitis and consumption. Many ministers, who had abandoned the pulpit, by reason of sore throat and general debility, have, by the use of the Discovery, been restored to perfect health and strength. Sold by druggists.

Malarial Fever.

Malarial fever, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always. See "Proverbs" in other column.

Mountain House, Cresson Springs.

The Cresson Springs, widely famed and justly popular Summer resort, located between Pittsburg and Harrisburg, on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains, and on the Pennsylvania Railroad, will be open for the reception of guests on June 20th. Col. F. J. Unger, now proprietor Seventh Ave. Hotel, and late of the "Union Depot" Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa., will be, as last year, the superintendent and manager.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. William H. Mauger, cashier and room clerk, who was so favorably known to the many guests of this resort last year, will fill the same office during the coming season.

—THE illustrated advertisement of the Aultman & Taylor Company, which has attracted so much attention in this country and Europe will appear in the BLADE April 10th and 24th, May 8th and 22d, June 5th and 19th, July 3d and 10th. We ask our farmer and thresherman friends to examine it.

HEARING RESTORED.—Particulars free. VIBEY & HALPER, Madison, Ind.

POISONED.

Edward Parr Died from the Effects of What He Took Yesterday.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10.—Edward Parr, the murderer of his daughter, who sank down in the prisoner's dock yesterday from the effects of poison just after his death sentence had been pronounced, died this morning at 5:50 in the anteroom of the Court-room. Eminent physicians from different medical colleges who were with him all night, failed to restore him to consciousness. All of Parr's immediate relatives are now in custody, and a rigid investigation will be had, with a view to discovering the manner in which and by whom the poison was conveyed to the prisoner.

A Philadelphia special says Parr, the murderer, had, after taking poison, periods of apparent sensibility, when he would exclaim, "God have mercy on me." From six o'clock last evening until 10, Coroner Gilbert treated him to a thumping process, and for a while the dying man was hit and tossed about the room in a lively manner. When the Coroner applied the stomach pump and the tube was forced into the dying man's mouth, he growled out with an oath, "Would you kill me?" After that time all efforts to force stimulants or emetics failed and physicians gave him up from two o'clock. The body was wrapped in a sheet and removed to the prison, where an inquest will be held.

MEXICAN DESERTERS.

They Cross Into Texas Under a Heavy Fire from the Loyal Troops.

GALVESTON, June 9.—The News' Eagle Pass special says: Early yesterday morning a company of Mexican infantry at Pietras Negras mutinied and fought their way through the guard at the gate. About 15 crossed to this side under a heavy fire from loyal troops, who continued firing after the deserters landed, many balls striking the houses of this place. The fugitives surrendered their arms to the citizens, to be returned to Mexico. A number of mutineers were killed on the Mexican side. The cause of desertion is that the troops have been six months without pay and nothing to eat. Yesterday evening Mexican troops marched outside the City with two captured mutineers whom they were going to shoot, but a strong protest from the citizens caused the execution to be abandoned.

BROKE HIS NECK.

Fatal Result of a Desperate Surgical Operation.

Tipton (Ia.) Advertiser.

An event no less sad than strange transpired at our neighboring village of Clarence last Friday morning, resulting in the sudden death of Mr. Wm. Ferguson. Deceased was a cousin of Mr. J. P. Ferguson, a well-known resident and long-time Postmaster of Clarence; and, like the latter, Mr. W. Ferguson served his country long and faithfully in the war of the rebellion—contracting during such service the germs of that terrible disease, inflammatory rheumatism. Later in life this enemy became an active one, and for several years he has been a terrible sufferer, his legs being so distorted as to make him a cripple, while for three and a half years the same tyrant had held his head bent prone upon his breast. In this condition, and being also suffering from a sensitiveness which often made it torture to be moved, Dr. J. A. Carson, a graduate of Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago (Homeopathic), and who has been located at Clarence in a reasonably successful practice for something over a year, was called to attend the case. After two weeks of treatment, during which there was manifest improvement in the patient's general condition, the Doctor determined upon an effort to straighten the neck, having previously treated the muscles involved, and concluded, from repeated trials with the hands, that the operation might be made a success. We are informed, however, that the doctor undertook the task somewhat reluctantly, and at the patient's urgent request, he having told Ferguson that it might be attended with some danger.

That fears of danger were well grounded was demonstrated last Friday morning, when the operation was attempted—the patient dying on the table almost before its completion. His neck was straightened, but he no longer knew nor cared!

The case is perhaps without a precedent in the annals of surgery, and as, in addition to its interest from a professional or scientific stand-point, the peculiar circumstances have awakened lively curiosity and comment in all parts of the country where the result has become known, we have taken the time and trouble necessary to present herewith the testimony substantially in full, of all the material witnesses who were examined at the inquest held by Coroner Sweet on Friday and Saturday. The post mortem examination was conducted by Dr. Hubbard, of Mechanicsville, a homeopathic physician of long practice, and Dr. Anderson, of Clarence, a physician of the regular school. Dr. Robinson, who assis

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

A Plea for Schoolgirls.

Now that the teachers and the parents have each put in an oar, let the schoolgirls help row, too, so the boat may have a nice equilibrium; and I, as a representative of the class, shall undertake the task. Yes! we have as many troubles and tribulations as that much abused bird, the American Eagle. And not the least of our trials is our deportment—our daily "walk and conversation," which a correspondent in the BLADE so kindly criticised for us a few weeks ago.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourse's as ithers see us!"

When so much contradictory advice is given us which way shall we turn to find the golden medium? In one paper some sage delivers himself thus: "Be diligent, be studious, be moral, and above all things *be natural*," (this reminds us of the line in the old copy-book, "Be virtuous and you will be happy") And now the BLADE writer takes us down because we do not always *strike an attitude* while addressing anyone, while all the while we are doing just as we are told, *being natural*. But what struck me as rather amusing, than otherwise, was the prescribed mode of walking, viz: Feet well turned out, hips drawn back, elbows at sides, hands crossed at wrist, and chin held in." I fancy I see us 40 girls "winding our weary way" through our morning perambulations, walking just so. Why, my dear friend, 'twould be as ridiculous as the "kangaroo drop" considered so fashionable a few years ago among "cultured ladies." Now, whatever you do, don't make fun of us, for our poor, innocent souls are continually harrassed from morning till night; besides, I would remind our would-be critics that we do not parade the school-room with a geometry under one arm and a "Ladies' Etiquette" under the other. After being confined to the school-room all day, under close and severe restrictions, 'tis delightful indeed to get out and enjoy ourselves in our own way. For you must remember that we have not yet arrived at that "artificial age," where every one strains to keep up appearances, and strives to put the best foot foremost. So, girls, let's rally 'round the flag and stand true to our colors, for surely 'tis no disgrace to be a "bread-and-butter school girl," though I am sorry to say my school days are over, but I shall always cherish a fond remembrance of them and of my juvenile capers. I know I shall get a scolding for this (perhaps I deserve it) from the more demure sisters of the Household, but the "pent-up Utica" of my feelings could restrain itself no longer. SWEETBRIER.

School Government.

At the request of A. D. Brown, we beg leave to "express an opinion" upon corporal punishment, or as Fannie Dale chooses to call it, "spanking," as a means of government in our schools.

We do not advocate a frequent, nor an injudicious use of the rod, but an experience of nearly 15 years as a teacher of children has convinced us that, though whipping may be an evil, it is a necessary one, notwithstanding the fact that we once advanced "the more popular idea" of moral suasion, exclusively, as the best means to this end.

If it were not for the depravity of the human heart, caused by the entrance of sin into the world, no system of laws would be needed; for where there is no transgression laws are useless. But since punishments are necessary, it becomes us who have the training of children entrusted to our care, to find out the best method of inflicting it. Now, we think it has been practically demonstrated that children, as even men and women, are not always best governed by moral suasion.

The fact that corporal punishment may be characterized as cruel, is not, in our judgment, an argument against its use; for no one will deny that death, except in a few instances, perhaps, is cruel, and yet the Creator inflicts this punishment upon us all because of sin. We dare not call in question the modes of inflicting punishment as employed by the Great Teacher.

But he also governs by love, the constraining influences of which, not a few times, cause us to submit to his divine commands.

Now he calls forth the wild beast of the forest to destroy the wicked and ungodly children who deride the prophet; now he quickens the conscience of Judas Iscariot, the remorse of which causes him to go and hang himself. In both instances the result is the same.

If moral suasion alone will secure a respectful obedience, do not under any consideration use the rod; but if it will not, have no hesitancy about using it.

No government, whether in the family, in the school, or in the State, was ever known to be successful beyond the limit of its force, and that force, with children, must be largely manifested through physical agencies, or it will not be understood.

To command respect, all government must be characterized by strength, by power and force. HONESTAS.

Caution and Kerosene.

In the BLADE of April 3d, Mrs. J. C. S. says: "Tell Emma Hopkins that kerosene will remove dandruff effectually, if applied two or three times a week," etc. Now, without intending any disrespect to Mrs. S., I would like to tell what I know about it. Kerosene oil will, as she says, make the hair soft and glossy, but it is very injurious to the *brain*, and I have heard of a case where it caused fits, and finally death. Very few of us have too healthy brains at the best, and we cannot afford to injure them unnecessarily. The victim, in this case, was a young lady who was so much flattered by friends admiring her long glossy hair, that she turned a deaf ear to her physician, who told her it would cause her death if she persisted in its use.

If Emma Hopkins desires to try it, let her first consult a reliable physician in regard to it.

I will give her my plan, which is perfectly harmless, and although it is a little more trouble, I consider it every way superior to kerosene oil or saleratus (for I have tried both): Take the yolks of eggs (if the hair is very thick and long, three or four will be required); beat them and rub them well into the hair and on the scalp, after which wash out thoroughly with clear, soft water (do not be afraid of rubbing the head), changing the water as is necessary, until it does not seem sudsy. There is something about the egg that makes a good suds. If Emma Hopkins will please try, and report through the BLADE, both methods, if she tries them, she will receive thanks from many silent listeners.

I have received some very valuable information through the Household columns, and hope to receive much more. I can truly sympathize with the teachers as that was my occupation for seven years; also with busy mothers; and last but not least, with perplexed young housekeepers, who find the days too short for the accomplishment of all they would like to do. It is an old saying that school teachers do not make good housekeepers, but if they go to work with a will, they may in no great length of time, become first class housekeepers. I have observed that a *good* school teacher will almost invariably, make a good housekeeper. Mrs. H. I. B.

Johnstown, Mich.

About Text-Books.

Eleanor Dale: I can give you my experience in text-books of some of the studies you desire to prosecute this Summer. Cutter's Anatomy and Physiology is the best and most exhaustive school treatise on the subject that I have ever seen. My book is an old one but I value it very highly, and have no doubt that if you could obtain a later edition of the same work you would be equally unwilling to exchange it for any other. When I went to the Normal School in our district, they used "Gray's School and Field Book of Botany," of a copy of which I became the possessor, paying for it $2.50. This is a good work, I think, tracing as it does the development of the germ of many of our native trees and herbs, besides devoting much space to interesting descriptions of curious plants.

Later, under the auspices of a new faculty, "Youmans' Botany" succeeded Gray's in the Normal. In the second book of this series the physiology of plants is treated much more extensively than in Gray's work. There is also a class of plants to which mosses, lichens and ferns belong, which Youmans makes a distinct and important part of his work, but which Gray leaves out entirely. Youmans does not provide for the classification of species in his second Book of Botany (there is a series of the books). However, there may be a higher book than the second one, but if so, I have never seen it.

If you should invest in Gray's you would be able, after an examination of any of our common plants, to classify, after mastering the terminology of the work.

I use Townsend's Civil Government, and like it very much, as it treats of the departments of government by topics; and the book contains a diagram of that foundation of our republicanism, the Constitution.

I do not think you can accomplish much in chemistry without apparatus or teacher; and as I did not succeed in acquiring an interest in it, I abandoned it, so can not recommend any work. Don't know a note of music. HILAIRE.

House Cleaning.

Long have I been a "looker-on in Vienna," and now that my Spring work is done, may I enter your charmed circle? I wonder if any of you "clean house" my way; it is twice as easy as the old way of tearing everything to pieces all at once. I take one room at a time. First I wash all my curtains, white spreads, toilet sets, etc., before I touch the heavy work. In this wash, which I usually do the latter part of the week before I clean, I wash my straw ticks of the spare beds. Those that the family use daily I wash, one at a time; the morning I clean the room and use the suds to clean with. If my carpets that are but little used, such as the parlor and spare room, were taken up in the Fall I merely wash the edges in benzine, as this keeps out all moths and will also remove any spots that may be in the carpet. Do not buy the benzine put up in small bottles as this is very expensive, but take any old bottle and buy a pint at the drug store or any "general store." This is much cheaper and every way as good. I always make it a rule to have plenty of cake, pies, bread, and cold meat, or chicken in the house during my house cleaning siege. For I find by experience that you can always get cheerful assistance from your men folks about lifting, shaking a carpet or moving a stove right after they have had a good hearty dinner, not before. Mind, you, I say *after* dinner, not before. By taking one room at a time and putting it in "apple pie order" before leaving it, you will always be through in time to change your dress and get nicely rested before tea time. Men are proverbial for their dread of fall and spring cleaning, but if you will exercise a little care and forethought much that is unpleasant may be done away with. Try my plan ladies if I am not too late for spring work, try it this fall and see if you are not more than satisfied with the result.—CONSTANT, Lee Centre Ia.

Song of the Brown Thrush.

"Plough it up, plough it up," sang a brown thrush,
In the bright spring time so early,
As the blithe farmer boy started a field,
Scattering the dew drops so pearly.

"Plough it up, plough it up," still he sang on,
As the plough-share turned over the furrow;
And his little brown throat swelled out with his song,
And no fear for his fate did he borrow.

"Harrow it up, harrow it up," sang the brown bird,
When the spring plowing was over;
And he sat in his tree-top and warbled to see
How green grew the grass and the clover.

So the farmer came in with his harrow so bright,
And his dapple-gray horses so steady;
And cheered by the song of the bonny brown elf,
He worked till the field was all ready.

Then, "Dig a hole, put it in," whistled the bird,
As he saw the corn dropped by the farmer;
Then turning, his chirped to his mate on her nest,
Twittering low that nothing should harm her.

"Cover it up, cover it up," then warbled he,
As it fell in the mold warm and mellow;
And the farmer boy gaily answered the strain,
As he thought of the harvest so yellow.

"I'll pull it up, pull it up," boldly sang he,
"And we and our nestlings will eat it.
Another brown bird heard the strain from the wood,
And raised up his voice to repeat it.

Then all the brown birds in the green budding woods
Sent forth their sweet voices to greet it;
And "Pull it up, pull it up," rang through the air,
And "We'll pull it up, and eat, eat it."

ROSEMARY.

Box 300, Plainview, Minn.

Westward, Ho.

Let me reply briefly to the inquiry of "J. H." Kankakee, Ills., in your issue of May 8th.

It is too late to secure homesteads in Iowa, but the most productive lands in the world can be bought in this County at from three to seven dollars per acre.

This County contains a population of about 5,000. Emmetsburg, the County-seat is a lively town of 800 inhabitants. The Iowa Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad is completed through the center of the County, East and West. We have the west branch of the Des Moines River running centrally through the County, and numerous beautiful lakes teeming with fish. The soil and climate are better adapted to corn than wheat. Stock raising is the most profitable business, several of our farmers owning several hundred head. Rich corn and grass lands can be had four or five miles from the County-seat for five dollars, and this in a County with schools and churches convenient, and good society.

If "J. H." will send me her name, I will take pleasure in furnishing further particulars.

Emmetsburg, Palo Alto Co., Ia.

Sack Towels Again.

Reading the articles about towels reminds me of the old story of the two knights, who fought about the shield, one affirming it was gold, the other silver, until a third person came along who told them one side was gold the other silver. Vevie fails to see where the rough comes in. Let some one who has not learned better, present her for trial, some towels made from the following sacks: The gunny in which potatoes are transported, wheat sack, salt, stack coarse salt sack, bean sack, coffee sack, wool sack (not the one the Chief Justice of England sits on), and she'll find them all about as rough and unwifely as farmer's wife's were cloth. The fine Liverpool salt comes to us in 200 lb. sacks, and there's where we get our best common towels. They are large, smooth, absorbing and durable. A merchant will sell one when empty for 25 cents, sometimes give them to their customers. There's where the economy comes in, as one sack will make two large towels. Now we hope this towel discussion will be wiped out.

WANSAND.

A Tried Remedy.

J. M. T., Here is a cure for caked breast, which if it does not help immediately, will be the first time I ever knew it to fail. Take real good strong vinegar and worm-wood, stew together and bathe the breast completely, then have ready a bowl or vessel of any kind filled half full of dry ashes, sprinkle on this a little handful of worm wood (dried), also a small handful of dried bee-comb, and over this sprinkle a little rosin (pulverized), then lay a red coal of fire on this, and smoke the breast completely. Throw a shawl or cloak over your shoulders and draw closely around you to keep the smoke in. Do this three or four times a day and wear on your breast a plaster as follows: A very little bit of butter one half as much rosin as beeswax, stew these together, put in as much camphor as will thin it slightly, put in this mixture a little black pepper, and (if you have it) a little powdered worm-wood also. Then dip a rag the size you want in it, and you have your plaster. This will effectually keep the cold out. Try it and report. HADDASSAH.

To J. H.

If you wish to come to Kansas, J. H., or any other of the BLADE readers who have the Western fever and are friends of the temperance cause I don't think you could do better than to come to McPherson County.

It is the boast of our county that there is no saloon within its limits and I would like very much to see the county so filled with temperance people that there would *never* be a chance for a saloon-keeper to make a living here.

I do not know that there is any unoccupied Government land in the county but there are always partially improved claims that can be bought for less than the cost of the improvements and also railroad land that can be bought cheap.

MRS. A. M. BYRNE.

Bonneville, Kan.

Turkish Rugs.

I saw the subject of Turkish rugs in the last number. As I have had a good deal of experience the past winter, I will try to enlighten its readers. I get the wrappings of dry goods from our merchants, hem the desired size, and put in a frame as you would a quilt. I have scroll patterns for a border. Make a light gray center, for which old felt is just the thing, and in one I made a deer lying on the grass, and in some I put vines and flowers for the center. I have the pattern for the deer. I use black for the outside of the scroll work, filling in with shaded brown, which makes a rich border. I use an iron hook to draw the rags through the canvas. Any one wishing patterns or further directions, will please address

ANNA L. HYDE.

Oberlin, O., Box 117.

Prudence and Potash.

I wish to give I. B. Lonesome, Toledo, O., a receipt for getting a good husband and keeping him. To get one, make yourself *worthy* and then accept of none but a *good* one—not one who will pack up and run off on the least provocation, without telling you where he is going. To *keep him*, continue to be worthy and help him to be so. Spice the whole with "the light of home is *love*."

Tell "Mary" that potash will remove moles, but will leave a scar. Console yourself with remembering that moles are considered a sign of beauty, and prefer them to scars.

I would like information as to the whereabouts of L. Cunningham, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pa. Will he send his address to the Household and oblige a friend?

BADGER,

Berlin, Wis.

Exchanges Wanted, Etc.

Who will be so kind as to send me the words to the following songs. 1. "Down in the Diving Bell". 2. "Walk Tom Wilson. 3. Good bye John. 4. Set the Beautiful Gates ajar. 5. I'm Baptist till I die. 6. Bonnie Blue-eyed Scotch lassie. Jean. C. M. STEVANS. Oakland City.

Please say to those who have sent me in exchange for water lilies, that the water is very cold and deep and if they will wait patiently I will fill every order as soon as the water is a little warmer about the last of May, and to those who wish to exchange not to write to me to know if I will exchange for this or that but whatever they have that they think worth the lilies send directly and I will send the lilies as soon as the water is warm enough.—MARY INGERSOLL, Marysville Ill.

Can any one send me the words to the music of "Evalena." Please inform S. X. A. of Norwalk Mich., if he will send his name and address and a three cent stamp to W. J. W. P. O. Box 876, Grove City Ill., will send him the words of "Lora Vale. W. J. W. Grove City Ill.

I have for exchange quite a number of books in as good shape as when bought. I would like last year's Waverly Magazine. Persons having anything to exchange please drop a card stating what they have.—BYRON STILLWELL, Iowa City, Ia.

I have a copy of J. B. Gough's Autobiography, entirely new, having never been read (as I had another one when this was given me). I would like to exchange for some work of similar value. Will some one make an offer?—SARAH M. TODD, Puttneyville, Wayne Co., N.Y.

I take the Family Herald and the People's Journal, and I would like to exchange them for the New York Ledger or Saturday Night. I have some fish geraniums, canna seeds, and some lady slippers, to exchange for any nice flower seeds. I will pay the postage on mine and expect others to do the same.—ELSIE J. JENNINGS, Eldridsville, Pa.

Will some one tell me when to take up the trailing arbutus. In the Spring or Fall?—MRS. LIBBIE STUART, Wamslee, Pa.

My wants are trailing arbutus, fine quilled dahlias, monthly rose slips, perennial roots or bulbs, double asters, ice plant seed, and many other things I cannot mention here, in the flower list. Persons that have written or may write, who may not have anything I want, if they will send me six cents, I will send them 15 or 20 varieties of flower seeds. I also have gladiola bulbs. Please always send me a list of what you have before sending the articles, and let me make my own selection; and write your full address, very plainly. Some one sent me a package of flower seeds last Fall, nicely labeled, but no name. If they want anything, please write me and I will send it to them.—MARY J. ABBOTT, Georgetown, Brown Co., O.

I do all kinds of hair work, jewelry, switches, flowers, etc., and will do any of this work in exchange for, first, sea shells, and then almost any kind of curiosities, such as moss, rocks, etc. I wrote to Lena Cowan; did she get my letter? and will she answer it?—MRS. V. WHITLEY, Shanesvings, Mercer Co., O.

I have patterns of two different polonaises, elysee embroidery, borders for tablecloths, designs for stiching on linen or silk, applique embroidery, edgings in crochet, lace in applique, patterns for darning on net lace, or for tidies on Java canvass, which I will exchange for seeds of blue or black sweet peas, gladiolus bulbs or double tiger-lilies, or choice rooted house plants. Any one wishing to exchange, send along the plants or seeds and select from what I have to offer.—F. L. JENNE, North Pinnacle, Quebec, Canada.

Will Miss M. A. Maple please send her address to box 233, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—A READER.

The "Life of Kit Carson" for "Belden the White Chief." Copy must not be damaged. "Kit Carson" is bound in green, gilt edge, a little shelf-worn; text not dampened in the least; 600 pages.—E. H. BARROWS, Dutch Creek, Ia.

I will furnish catalpa seeds, roots of tame blackberries, and cuttings of yellow willow and Lombardy poplar.—MRS. L. M. MATHEWS, Prescott, Kan.

I have some exchanges to make which I hope will find patronage, grey moss, green, moss, pine burs, sweet green burs, which make beautiful baskets and picture frames, small patterns of fret work, patterns of all kinds of ladies and childrens wear and can cut any desired, a large number of tatting and crochet patterns and fancy work, scraps of calico and worsted, plenty of scrap book pictures, plenty of Confederate money. Will take in exchange flower seeds of any kind, samples of fancy work, numbers of Frank Leslie's Monthly magazine, Floral Cabinet, curiosities of any kind or most any kind of good reading.—ANNIE E. KANKIN, Plymouth, Washington County N. C.

Can any one tell me how to clean white silk lace. And here is an "exchange" desired, Hooker's Natural History for home and school as good as new, for some book of equal value.—F. M. PARSONS, Big Rock, Scott County, Ia.

I have a book to exchange for one of equal worth. "Life in Utah and Crimes of Mormonism." It is entirely new, never been handled and sold for $2.75. Any one having a book to exchange will please send me a card giving the title of their book, &c.,—G. O. CHILD, Claysville, Wash., Co., Ind.

If the teacher who signs her name "Dreog" in your issue of the 11th, will write me giving grade of her certificate etc., I may be able to give some information that will be of importance to her.—LEROY KING, Virginia, Bates Co., Mo.,

I wish to exchange Mich. papers for any local paper published in the interior of W. Va.—JAMES CRONCH, Bellville Mich.

I have Harper's Magazine for 1878, to exchange for Scribner's for the same year.—SALLIE C. BELL, Hammond, Ills.

If the lady in want of a slipper-case pattern will send me her address, I will send her a nice pattern. I have a case made of black velvet and trimmed around with box-pleated pink satin ribbon and ornamented with scrap book pictures and a knot of gold cord to hang it up by. It is lovely. Any of the Household sisters wishing to exchange patterns with me, can address—"STORM," P. O. Box 1,373, Joliet, Ills.

As I come this time to place myself aright before the members of the Household, I ask your indulgence. A member complains that she sent me postage stamps for seeds. Allow me to state that all letters containing stamps have been replied to and seed sent promptly. I always address packages plainly. I received, last fall, two letters, in November, I think, that had no address or name; one containing two three-cent stamps, and the other 25 cents' worth of stamps. I have sent out over 200 packages to members of the Household, and out of that number some 50 promised bulbs, plants, or cuttings in return. Well, of that number I have received exchanges from sixty members last year, and from no one up to date this year; but I expect to receive plants from five or six this spring. Let the disappointed party send a card and I will send seed again. Will some of my floral friends, who have received seed, defend me? I will continue to exchange. —E. A. PARKS, Parsons, Kansas.

I have patterns of every description for a child up to the age of two years, dresses, aprons, skirts, cloaks, etc., which I will exchange for hyacinth and tuberose bulbs. I have also books to exchange for books, or music for music. Would like a good complete German or English dictionary. Will exchange lists, each prepaying postage.—Mrs. H. K., Box 81, Evanston, Wyo. Ter.

If Mrs. I. B. Carr will send me her address, I will send her the bulbs. The address she sent me was so badly rubbed that I could not make it out If she will write in ink I think it would be better.—S. J. G.

I have sent the early amber sugar cane seed to all that have sent the worsted scraps, with the exception of one roll with a card marked Shipman, Ill.—no name or address. Will send the seed if name is furnished.

I have Arthur's Home Magazine for this year (1879) I will exchange for house-plants, bulbs or roots. I want double and single geraniums, fuschia, gladiola, dahlia, tea roses, pink, white or yellow, etc. Want the plants well rooted; sent by mail post-paid, and will send the magazines post-paid and in good condition as soon as read.—MRS. M. E. HADLEY, Greenfield, Adair County, Ia.

I want to exchange or borrow the following numbers of this year's BLADE: From January 23d to close of the story, "Great Mogul Diamond," as I can't buy them from publishers. I will send value in flower seeds or other papers. Parties wishing to exchange, write me letter or postal, with name, Town, County and State plainly written, to my address below, will save trouble in overstocking, as I see some complaint of, I wish to save such trouble to others. I have the "Revolution," "Ladies Floral Cabinet," "Gardner's Monthly," "Vick's Magazine," "Park's Gazette."—MRS. ALBERT H. CARPENTER, Aledo, Ill.

I wish to ask the members who sent seeds to exchange, to please send their names if they have not re eived seeds in return, as I have received by mail several boxes with no postmark, or name or instruction, and do not know who to credit with them. I have on file all letters that I exchanged with. Several members write me that I am the only one who has sent seeds in return for things they have sent, even some have sent money and have not heard from it. Would it not be well to put the names of such in one corner of the Household.

I do not want to exchange any thing more this season, as I have an elephant on my hands now. I wish to thank the members who have sent their exchanges. I have sent seeds to all sending stamps.

An answer to at least 200 members. "What is the sensitive rose, is it the sensitive plant advertised in the Floral Guides as mimosa?" It is not! The sensitive rose has small foliage very much the same as the sensitive plant, it is a hardy perennial. The top dies to the ground, but the root, which is a hard woody one, lives over winter to send up a new top in the spring. The stem is covered with sharp thorns, the flowers are of a deep pink color, round as a ball, very fragrant, blooms in June, its root reaches to the depth of four feet, is found in the prairie sod in most parts of Labetta County, Kansas. It produces seed in pods as large as a quill four to six inches long covered with small sharp thorns. I will have a good supply gathered for next year.

Will members report to me by postal their success and oblige.—Mrs. E. A. PARKS, Parsons, Kansas.

Wanted—A book entitled "Tempest and Sunshine," by Mrs. Holmes. Any one that has the book please drop us a postal card what they want in exchange and if I have the article will send MARY F., Box 107, Logan, Phillips Co., Kansas.

MINNIE MYRTLE.—Seeing your request for the exchange of hearts in the BLADE would say, I have one I think will just fill the bill. It has four little rooms to look after and care for, consequently it runs regularly all day and part of the night; is in a fair state of preservation, at least not much of it gone. As to its prepossessing case, I cannot judge. It is very orthodox in its religious views, moral character fair; the wherewith is at hand to keep it going until its Maker bids it stop. Now, Minnie, if you feel disposed to pay postage on yours to this country to accept the old one with the four young ones in exchange for your lonesome one, then dress it neatly, send it carefully by express, for I could not accept the exchange if sent by any male. Further particulars given on application to ASH BARK, Key P. O., Thurston Co., Wash. Ter.

A lady from Toledo, O., in last week's BLADE, asked some one to make her a white wax wreath. If she will write me, stating what she wishes and any other directions, I think I can suit her. I also have a nice slipper-case pattern which I would exchange for the latter case. Address P. O. Box 436, Rock Falls, Ills.

I can not exchange any more patterns for pieces for a quilt, as I offered in the BLADE of Feb. 20th. I have received all the pieces that I need. To those that have already sent, I will send patterns as soon as possible. I thank the ladies very much for the pieces they have sent me.—MRS. S. H. MCCONNELL. I received several rolls of pieces without any name, and didn't know who to send to.—MRS. S. H. MCCONNELL, Oneana, Ills.

Please inform me how to boil ham so that it will be pink and and tender when sliced; also, why is my silver cake, made of the best of materials, a creamy white instead of being purely white.—CORA S.

I do scroll sawing and want to exchange some of my work for reading matter, Harpers Monthly or Leslie's Boys & Girls preferred. Don't care about the Dates. Each to pay his own postage. I can make brackets, card receivers, paper holders, bouquet stands, photo frames, paper knives, glove boxes, etc. Now don't all wait for the rest but send along your orders.—A. L. DAVENPORT, Ray, Schuyler Co., Ill.

I have three years numbers of the New York Weekly's and of the "In-door-and-out," also a large quantity of good books to exchange for other books. Would like to exchange the "Chicago Ledger" the coming year for some other weekly story paper. — WALTER M. HAINES, Lancaster, Grant Co., Wis.

I live near the Great Pacific, and can get beautiful shells, especially abalones and sea eggs, and I want reading matter. Oh! so much! Write to me and say what you are willing to exchange for shells and sea-moss, and other curiosities.—LOTTIE S. FISCUS, Fisherman's Bay, Sonoma Co., Cal.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF TEXAS.—Many continue to send to me for seed of the "Mexican Centaurea" and other wild flowers of this flowery land. My stock of seed has long been exhausted, and I have been trying to notify all by postal card that such was the case, and that they would have to wait until I gathered the growing crop; but they continue to send, many wishing to exchange other seeds, etc. I have long since received more seed than I can plant in two years, so cannot exchange for seed. To such as still wish the seed of the "Mexican Centaurea" let me say, you can get them in September or October, not before; to those who continue to send magazines and literary weeklies, their names will be registered as received, and the seed sent as soon as ripe. Now, dear sisters, please let up on political papers. I am no politician, and my husband is devoting his time to the geological study of Texas. So political papers are of no use to me at all. One sister sent me a trailing arbutus plant, and I promised to send her a sensitive rose. I have lost her address. If she will send it to me, either on a postal or letter, I will forward it now. Many thanks to the dear sisters who have sent me magazines and papers—they have been a great source of pleasure in this lone land.—MRS. FANNIE A. ARNOLD, Bear Creek, Parker Co., Tex.

I would like to exchange a pattern of a suit for a boy of five for roots of the English hop vine, or amber cane seed.—DELLA LANE, Prescott, Kan.

I have some shells and minerals from California to exchange for some ore and minerals from other States. I also have some iron ore from Crown Point to exchange.—MAY F. HOPE, Underhill Centre, Vt.

I have a large number of books, novels, papers and magazines that I would send to anyone fond of reading that will send stamps for postage. Also have some mineral specimens that I can send if postage is sent.—FRANK, box 1, Stony Run, Mich.

Would anyone like a nice chemise pattern? I have one to exchange for well rooted house plants. I would like a hybrid orangea, lantana, gloxinia, or ocean onion. Almost any nice plants would be acceptable, or seeds of pansies and verbenas.—A. BABCOCK, Evansville, Rock County, Wis.

I have the patterns of a hanging basket, letter receiver, hairpin receiver, match safe and scrap bag to exchange for calico pieces or flower seeds.—MISS FLORENCE COTTLE, New Waverly, Ind.

Please don't send for any more Hubbard squash seed. The supply is exhausted, unless some one has celery or tomato seed to exchange. Why will some persist in ordering me to send to them, and say they will pay the postage? It can't be done at your own office, and why not send stamps with order? If any mistakes have been made, please notify me by postal card, and I will make amends. Indistinct addresses I cut out and paste on the packages, so I don't feel responsible if they never reach their destination. In directions for raising them I said *poorest* soil, not "forest" soil, as was printed.—MRS. JOSEPHINE SCOTT, Willseyville, O.

A. W. Hoffman, of Whiteport, N. Y., offers to send a large variety of flower seeds, pop-corn, sweet-clover, castor beans, mantel ornaments and match-box patterns in exchange for reading matter. Our space is too limited to publish his offer. Parties had better write him first and learn conditions.—ED.

I have a beautiful gown yoke pattern and very pretty crocheting patterns and some flowers which are different from the ones you have, and some beautiful mosses. If you wish any let me hear soon.—N. THOMPSON, Meridianville, Ala.

I should like to exchange flower seeds of four o'clock, morning glories, balsams, &c. Also a few roses and American ivy, for hair work. I will furnish the hair. Also have a labor-saving dress pattern for little girls three years old. Does not take much cloth and is pretty and simple. Will exchange for anything useful or pretty, as I have no time for fancy work. Would like some pretty moss. If the gentleman who offered to paint pictures, last Spring, in exchange for roots and seeds is of the same mind still, hope he will make it known. He stated he was in a car manufactory, I think. Do any of the Household live in Southern Georgia?—H. W. WHITLOCK, Assumption, Ill.

Enterprise and Perseverance United.

San Francisco Post.

An unique incident occurred at Baldwin's Theater the other evening, which was not down in the bills, and which sharply illustrates the proverbial push and ingenuity of certain San Francisco advertisers. It appears that the advertising agent of a well known Kearney street auction house had engaged one of the upper stage boxes for Thursday evening, and a few minutes after the doors opened the ushers were paralyzed at beholding a large canvas transparency being expeditiously and quietly erected in said box, and bearing on its surface in two-foot letters the familiar legend: "Try Guffey's Condensed Chowder!" They at once hurried to the box and begged the occupant to desist. That enterprising individual simply shrugged his shoulders and went calmly on lighting wax tapers for his illumination. The manager himself rushed breathlessly to the spot and ordered the agent to leave the house.

"Not if I know it," replied the individual, cheerfully, "I paid $20 rent for this box and I intend to do what I please with it, bet your life."

In vain the manager stormed, pleaded and offered to return the money, to pay twice the amount, even. At last, as the audience had begun to gather, he ordered the ushers to remove the sign by force. At this the agent deliberately drew his revolver, and, backing the whole crowd out of the box, locked the door. In this emergency a couple was dispatched for the man's principal, Mr. Guffey, who arrived in a few moments post haste. He was hugely amused at his employe's **persistency**, and at once ordered the removal of the bone of contention. As the much disgusted advertiser struck his seat, a bright idea illuminated his disappointed looking visage. Taking Mr. Guffey aside he said, eagerly:

"Well, if I've got to quit, wouldn't it be better to have them put me out by force?"

"Why, sir?"

"Because, you see, that would made it a splendid assault and battery case. Be in all the morning papers. Magnificent ad. Don't you see?"

But it was not to be, and the champion advertiser furled his banners, and sadly filed out to slow music by the orchestra.

First Honest Villager—"Well, how did Jean Pierre come out? Did they convict him of poaching?" Second Honest villager—"No; there was no evidence against him, and he swore solemnly that he was innocent." First Honest Villager (with a fearful sneer)—"Innocent? O, yes, he's innocent; just as innocent as I am. The confounded scoundrel!"

Our Young Folks.

WHOM TO THANK.

A little boy had sought the pump
Whence the cold, sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he touched his cap:
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me."
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the pump: "My little man,
You are welcome to what I have done,
But I'm not the one to thank,
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said the water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the spring,
That sends me forth with generous hand,
To gladden every living thing."
"I thank the spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
The spring with silvery accents said.

"Oh, don't thank me, for what am I,
Without the Dew and Summer Rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little man, again."
"Oh, well, then," said the little man,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us, without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the Sun with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me;
'Twas from the ocean's mighty storms
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"Oh, Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy,
It echoed back, "Not unto me—"

"Not unto me; but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie;
Go, give the thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said,
In tones most gentle and subdued:
"Oh, God, I thank thee for this gift,
Thou art the giver of all good."

SUMMER AND WINTER.

In the mellow month of June
When the tawny thrushes sing,
And the yellow cowslips spring
From the meadows by the brooks,
When in dusky forest nooks,
Elfin huntsmen wind the horn
And the clover scented morn
Ripens into cloudless noon,—
Then I love to lie alone
In the grass on some cool hill,
While the meadow-larks all shrill
"Life is music." Care and pain
Fare but ill in Summer's reign.

When the hills are wrapped in sheets,
When the snow whirls on the lea,
And the icy fingered trees
Sparkle in the moon's cold light,
When the clouds in the long nights
Weave a pall for the dead year,
And the keen wind hurls its spear
Light at every one it meets,—
Then my heart is never sad,
For I think of breezy Spring,
And the joys that it will bring,—
Of the robin on the lawns
Piping in the dewy dawns.

—Scribner for June.

What One May Become If He Can Understand the Birds.

TRANSLATED BY HELEN V. OSBORNE.

Once upon a time there was an old man who had a little boy.

The old man and the little boy lived in the woods together, and caught birds for a living. This was work for the old man, who often got very tired; but the little boy, who thought it rare sport, was never weary.

In the Autumn they caught Field-finches and Thrushes. Fastened by the legs, these used to hang pitifully in the snare, heads downward, and were all dead.

In the Winter they caught Gold-finches in a trap. These they secured alive. Even in captivity they seemed quite proud of the pretty colors on their heads. The man put them in a cage, and the boy taught them to pull up water in a thimble and to draw seed in a little wagon.

In the Spring the man and the boy hunted Larks' nests and Linnets. The Larks did not know of the old man and the little boy, and trustingly built their nests in the grass. Some Larks do so to this day. The boy walked barefooted through the grass. It was cool and green but it sometimes pinched his feet as he hurried along. Under a bush of dry rushes he would find the warm nest, with the pretty gray eggs.

The Linnets built their nests on the brown heath or among the bog-myrtles; and when the boy walked up to his knees among these, there arose a smell of herbs. The nests were full of smooth black horsehair and hung prettily among the twigs.

But the best time of all was in the wood when the Cowslips came—the Cowslips, with their buds springing out of the dry brushwood, under which the lazy worms crawled and the ants marched like soldiers. It was there the Nightingales were ensnared, and the boy used to stay and watch for them. There he lay with his feet in the sun, and listened to the humming of the bees and the rippling of the brook. He had his own thoughts to amuse him also.

But in the Winter, while the snow lay on the trees outside, he sat in their little thatched hut and trained Gold-finches.

While training the Gold-finches the boy had little to do, but much to think of; and he became larger and wiser. He listened to the birds in the cage, which people said were singing. And the boy soon saw that it only seemed like singing, and that it was really nothing but talking and telling stories. At first, of course, he could make nothing of it, as when we hear Danish or hear the ducks quack. But after a while he began to understand bird talk, and learned by heart the long stories they told each other of that thief, the Raven, or of the Hawk, the great robber chief. They chatted about the beautiful forest and of the lilacs; and those birds that had travelled told of Italy. Often they began to weep; but because no tears fell from their eyes the boy's father would say, "Now they are singing pretty songs."

Once the boy stood before the door. The snow had melted away. The hens were together beside the old water-cask. Each one had scratched a hole in the earth, and in these holes they sat and pecked with their bills. The rooster had the biggest place. The boy had hardly come out of the house when they all flew up, as if the Hawk were coming; and he heard the rooster call:—

"Chickies, look out! chickies, look out!
He means no goo—od."

And the chickies all hid behind the water-cask.

The boy walked along the yard where the Sparrows used to hold their town-meetings. But times were different now, and they flew into the bush. There they looked slyly from behind the twigs, and cried out, all together:—

"That's a spy, oh! That's a spy, oh!"

The worst cut of all was in what the Yellow-hammer said. He sat at the top of a tree, on a dry twig, pulled his feathers in an abstracted manner, looked at the boy pitifully, and said, so sorrowfully:—

"Young, young, young; but ver-r-r-y bad."

And the Yellow-hammer's wife, on the other branch, answered from among her feathers:—

"Young, young, young; how ver-r-r-y sad."

This was too much for the boy. "Where shall I go?" exclaimed he, distractedly. And he ran far into the forest. There sat a Crow on the top of a tree and cried out:—

"Faugh! faugh! you fool!"

This made the boy very angry, and he slied a stone. But that did no good whatever. The Crow flew before him tauntingly, and cried all the louder; while the boy ran after him, throwing sticks and stones and grass, and anything he could grab in his haste.

In this way he went further and further into the wood. At last they came to a hill, on which there was a large stone. There the Crow stopped and settled down on the rock. This made the boy all the more furious, and he climbed the hill as fast as he could. Under the shadow of this big stone he found a nest, in which, instead of eggs, there were all sorts of shining things. The most beautiful of these was a ring, set with a precious g

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Granulous Butter.

Prof. Arnold furnishes the New York *Tribune* the following article on this important subject:

Several inquiries having been referred to me from various readers of the *Tribune* as to the details, etc., of the system of gathering and keeping butter in granule, I answer with, I trust, sufficient fullness to be understood by all: 1. Churn the same as usual till the butter comes and is almost ready to gather. Then turn into the churn, a little at a time, cold water enough to reduce the contents of the churn to about 54 degrees, and churn slowly till the butter forms, as it soon will, into granules. 2. The buttermilk is best separated by drawing it out at the bottom of the churn. When this is not convenient the butter may be skimmed out in any convenient way and put into a vessel of cold water, or, what is better, cold brine, and then stirred to cleanse it of buttermilk, repeating the washing in new brine till it runs off clear, thus avoiding any working, which is a very important point. It should lie in the last brine half an hour before salting. 3. When taking out of the salting it should be placed so that the brine will drain off, and when this is done it should be spread out thin and evenly, and the salt sifted on and stirred in. It is better to put on the salt at two or three different times, stirring it in well at each time, so that the salt shall be thoroughly mixed through the granules. The salted granules are then pressed into a mass by a butter ladle, lever, or butter worker, and set aside till the salt is dissolved, when it should be taken, a little at a time, and pressed or run through a butter worker till it becomes solid, and as much brine is pressed out as desired, when it is ready for packing or for market.

4. When it is desired to preserve butter in brine, a vessel of wood or glass may be used. If wood, it is better not to have the casks very large—say, half barrel in size—and it must be thoroughly cleansed of all sap or woody flavor by first soaking in cold brine several days, and then filled with boiling hot brine and letting it stand till it becomes cold. This brine may be used to soak the next cask in. Before putting in butter the cask should be partly filled with clean, cold brine, as strong as it can be made, and then filled with butter in the granular form, and fresh from the churn as may be after washing off the butter-milk and soaking in brine for an hour or so. The cask is then to be headed, and through a hole in one end filled full of brine and left to settle till every crevice is full and it will settle no more, when, if necessary, more brine is added to make it full, and the hole plugged. The butter is then in as good a condition for preserving as any canned fruit. 5. The brine for preserving should always be as strong as it can be made, and from pure salt, otherwise it will bleach the surface of the granules. 6. The butter is kept from coating by keeping the vessel full of brine. It cannot then rise above the brine. 7. When desired for use or for market, it is taken from the cask and the brine rinsed off with cold water, and it will be found as fresh and rosy as when it came from the churn, and may be salted and put in any desired shape, or it may be transported in the brine if it has far to go, and fitted for market at the end of its journey. 8. Butter has not, that we are aware of, been sent to market in the granular form, the samples kept in brine having been put in form for marketing at the dairy or creamery. Small packages have been sent over long journeys in hot weather to test its ability to stand heat and rough usage while in brine, with excellent results, and this after it has stood a long time in the brine.

Feeding New Oats and Hay.

There is a general feeling among horsemen that feeding new hay and oats is injurious to horses. This opinion is undoubtedly well founded, especially where they form the whole diet. To determine this question a French commission, according to the *Industrie Biatere*, has been experimenting with a view to determine the question upon the horses of cavalry regiments. These reports prove that the health of the horses was not essentially injured by new hay if they received the ordinary regulation ration along with other fodder. Some animals were at first rather less active, and more quiet. They sweated more freely, and the excrements were somewhat softened; but in a short time this ceased. In general the horses ate the new hay more freely than the old. They retained the same strength and corpulence as before. The hair kept bright the health perfect. Of 150 horses, from four to 13 years old, with which experiments were instituted, 37 gained fatness and 18 in strength and endurance. Only 18 lost flesh and eight lost strength, while 79 remained unchanged. A second series of experiments upon 150 horses gave the same results. On the other hand, another series of experiments was less successful, where 74 horses from four to 13 years old, were fed exclusively with new hay, the quantity being increased until it equalled the regulation ration of old hay, straw and oats together. On this feed there was no real sickness, but a general weakness, frequent sweat, lots of appetite, digestion disturbed, diarrhœa, relaxation of the muscles, weariness, &c. The decision of the commission was that new hay can replace old hay in the regular rations without injury and perhaps with advantage, but to feed them exclusively on new hay is injurious to the horses. Experiments were made upon 1,800 horses by feeding them on new oats, and were attended with favorable results, inasmuch as the animals nearly all increased in bulk and strength, from which the commission concluded that new oats can be substituted for old ones with advantage, and hence it is useless to wait two months after the harvest before permitting of the use of new oats. These experiments refuse most positively the prejudice that still prevails in many places that feeding on new hay and oats is injurious to horses. On the other hand it cannot be denied that horses to which new hay is given are frequently exposed to colic. The danger is only present, then, when the horses receive no definite rations, but have put before them as much as they can eat. In this case they not only eat so much more new hay, but they also eat so much more eagerly and greedily, which can be much more injurious, as experience proves that these very horses which are most inclined to the colic eat more greedily.

Breeding Up.

The importance of breeding up Western cattle is becoming more apparent every year. Choice native steers, graded animals, are now worth, on our market, $4 65 and $4.75 per cwt., while corn-fed Texans only command $3.65 and $3.75, a difference of $1.00 per cwt. in favor of good, native graded cattle. The time is rapidly passing when large heads of Spanish or Texas cattle can be handled in their original state to a profit. The West is filling up too fast, and each year is adding to the expense of Texas cattle. Even the best of them are unsightly, long-legged, long-horned, big-jointed and fearfully split up behind. They sell pretty well to beef packers at nominal prices; $2.50 is as much as many of them bring in market. Take a Texas steer three years old and he will average 1,000 pounds, and at $2.50 per cwt. it is worth on the market, $25.00. Deduct $5.00 for the expense of getting him to market and sold, and you have but $20 left, and his expense of raising to come out of that. A graded steer of the same age, with fair treatment, will weigh 1,400 pounds, and will sell at $4.60 per cwt., or $60.20. Deduct from this $5 for getting him to market, and we will have left $61.20. But it may be urged that it cost much more to raise the graded steer than the Texas. Well, let us allow $10 for the cost of the Texas steer, which deducted from the $20, the net proceeds, and we have $10. Say the graded steer cost three times as much as the Texas, or $30, which deducted from the $61.20, leaves $31.20 as the net proceeds of the graded steer against $10 for the Texas. While it costs a little more to raise good cattle, the profit is greater, and there is some pleasure in watching them develop into finely formed beeves. There has been a good deal done in the new West the past few years towards breeding up, but there is lots to do yet. Col. J. L. Driscol, of Texas, who has bought a number of short-horn bulls at the Hamilton's sales here the past two years, says he can tell his crossed calves as far as he can see them, and that they are worth $6 to $7 per head more on the range than straight Texas calves. These are facts for Western cattle men to ponder.—*Western Rural.*

American Bacon in England.

Americans should become encouraged, for the Britisher is greatly alarmed at the success of our business in furnishing him with bacon. All kinds of trumped up arguments against our meats are indulged, but they will not bear daylight. A London Vicar had occasion to write the following, recently, to a London paper:

"During the recent severe weather a fierce of American pork and bacon was given to me for the relief of the poor of my parish. With the permission of the donor I tried some of it at my own table, and found it quite equal to English pork and bacon for which I was paying 10d. and 1s. per pound. The poor also were delighted with it. Struck with the quality, I asked the price, and found from my friend, a wholesale provision merchant, that, allowing 20 per cent. to the retail dealer, the very finest parts (the streaky) of pickled pork and the middle part of smoked bacon could both be sold at retail at 4½d. per pound. In the present state of incomes and reduced wages this information may be worth having. It is mere prejudice to slight this wonderful American supply. The middle classes would do themselves and their humbler neighbors a real service by asking for this cheap and abundant wholesome food."

And in commenting on this subject, the Pall Mall *Gazette* says:

"Probably a good deal of bacon now consumed at the higher price is bought by the retailer at the lower; and, as happened in the case of butchers with American fresh meat, the farmer loses, but the householder does not gain. At any rate, the pressure is already severely felt at Wiltshire, and the farmers there complain that it is no longer possible to fatten pigs to a profit in spite of the low price of grain. Moreover, when improvements in communication and means of transport now in progress are carried out, the difference between the imported and the home-grown article will be still greater. Proofs accumulate that agriculture in this country is passing through a very severe trial," which no one will deny, and only proves that America must feed the world some day.

Plaster for the Compost Heap.

Manure should not be applied to land until it has rotted during one Summer at least, and what has accumulated during the Winter should be piled in a heap, so as to be turned over from time to time. The only remaining care to be exercised is to have a barrel or two of plaster on hand at all times to prevent the loss of ammonia in the vapor arising during the heating. To prevent this some 25 pounds of plaster to every ton of manure are thinly spread over the heap as it is piled up or forked over, and if during the heating, the smell shows that any great amount of ammonia is escaping, then a slight application of plaster will serve to keep this valuable ingredient within the pile. Any liquid draining from the pile should be absorbed by earth or muck and returned upon it. Composting should be done under cover, as all manure should be kept under cover in Summer especially. The location otherwise is of less moment. If the composting can be done upon the land where garden or other crops are to be raised it is better than if done in the barnyard, unless a water-tight floor is provided, as very much is washed into the ground, even with the best possible care. It is not necessary that any amount of leaching should take place; in fact, no liquids should escape or be added to the heap, except as absorbed by some bedding or deodorizer, or such as will readily be absorbed by the refuse already in the pile. The shape of the heap is of little account. It is more convenient to handle in a pile much longer than wide, but there is much saved by having the sides inclosed by a tight board fence. The practice of supplying a couple of hogs with all the refuse and the additional ingredients, as obtained, and scattering a few kernels of corn upon it is a good one; but whatever the first process of piling up the material, it must needs be forked over frequently during the year it is waiting for use, to allow of decomposition.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Possible Market for American Horses.

There are at present fully 6,600 pairs of hounds kept in England for purposes of the chase, in 168 separate packs. The average cost of each pack is believed to be $4,000 per annum, or a total of $672,000. The actual expense of the hounds, however, is as nothing compared with the money put in circulation by those who join the sport, in hotel and railway expenses and attendant charges. Giving 150 horsemen to each chase, and reckoning that 140 packs in England alone hunt four days per week, and the total expenditure is believed to be fully $5,000,000 annually. This will require over 2,000 horses, and it is a question if there is not room for an ol opening for American bred horses for this purpose. By crossing our strong boned fine roughbreds with strong-boned mares, using great care in the selection of individuals for breeding, it is believed we may produce a class of horses for which a good market may be found in England, and it is thought, once established, the demand for them would increase year by year.

An Old-Fashioned Reaper.

Western Farmers' Almanac.

One day just before harvest an Ohio farmer went to Cincinnati to buy a reaper. A delighted agent collared the granger and dragged him into his warehouse. As they walked down the well stocked room the farmer, in a meditative mood, quoted the line, "There is a reaper whose name is death," but before he could start the second line the agent broke in: "Ah, yes, I know it, sir. I know it like a book. We handled that reaper one season, sir, and I'd take $5,000 out of my pocket this minute if it could undo the damage that reaper did our business in that one year. You don't want it, sir. You don't want to look at it. The machinery is complicated; it gets out of order easily; you have to send clear to Akron for a new piece of gearing; it doesn't cut clean, and it nearly kills the horses; jams their shoulders all to pieces, sir. I know that reaper, sir. It's an old, old style, sir, and you don't want it. Now here, sir, I can show you a reaper that——." But the astonished farmer just interrupted him to say that he knew the reaper he mentioned was an old style, but he was certain it did it's work well, though, all the same. It wasn't the kind he wanted, and he had no idea of buying it to work on his farm. He bought another reaper, blood-thirsty as a Cossack, and red as an Autumn sunset, and the agent told how nicely he sold a reaper to an old fellow who came in there just dead set for some old machine that he had never heard of before.

"I say," said a bank cashier to a friend. "What do you think that bloated old bondholder, the President of our deposit trap, has had the impudence to do? He has told me to have my books and cash ready for examination to-morrow. Hanged if I haven't a good mind to call him out." "O never mind; it can't make any earthly difference to you if your books are all right." "But that is the mischief of it—they aint."

FOSTER'S VICTIMS.

The Lambs Sent to the Slaughter.

The Democrats Down—Gens. Ewing and Rice as the Pins for the Republicans to Bowl Over.

COLUMBUS, June 5.—The Democratic State Convention assembled in the Opera House at 10 o'clock.

Geo. James B. Steedman, of Toledo, was chosen temporary Chairman, and Allen O'Myers, of Columbus, temporary Secretary.

In taking the chair, Gen. Steedman made a ringing five minutes speech, the point of which was that the time had come when the Democratic party should insist upon claiming its full share in the honors of the late war, for it was largely due to Democratic soldiers that the Union was saved.

After selecting the committees recess was taken until 2 o'clock.

The Democratic Convention re-assembled at two o'clock, and all portions of the State were reported fully represented.

Hon. Samuel F. Hunt, of Cincinnati, was chosen permanent chairman.

The Convention nominated the following ticket:

Governor—Thomas Ewing, of Fairfield County.

Lieutenant Governor—A. V. Rice, of Putnam County.

Treasurer—Anothony Howells, of Stark County.

Auditor—Charles Reemelin, of Hamilton County.

Judge of Supreme Court—W. J. Gilmore, of Preble County.

Attorney General—Isaiah Pillars, of Allen County.

Member Board of Public Works—Patrick C Marah, of Cuyahoga County.

The following platform was adopted:

Resolved, That the Democracy of Ohio demand free and fair elections, and to that end denounce all interference with elections by the military power; that the experience of this and other countries has abundantly proved that the presence of troops at the polls is destructive of the freedom of elections and is incompatible with the existence of free institutions. That the laws enacted by Congress, which, under the pretence of regulating the manner of Congressional elections, interfere with the election of State officers and overthrow the laws of the States governing the choice of such officers, are unconstitutional and for that reason ought to be repealed; that they are also instrumentalities of fraud, force and corruption, by which the party in power uses the money of the people to corrupt, and thousands of irresponsible officers to harass and coerce the voters, and especially by force and fraud to deprive our naturalized citizens of the right to vote and for these reasons, also, said law ought to be immediately repealed.

Resolved, That impartial juries are essential to the administration of justice, and thereby to the preservation of liberty; that no man can be secure in his person or property when the juries are packed and controlled by the Government for despotic and partisan purposes. That under the Federal jury law now in existence juries may be and have been so packed and controlled, and that the highest interests of justice and free government require that these laws be changed so as to secure fair, impartial and independent juries in the Federal courts.

Resolved, That the Republican minority in Congress, by refusing to vote supplies to maintain the Government, unless the majority would agree to the use of troops at the polls, and also to the maintenance of the unconstitutional, corrupt, violent and unjust election laws aforesaid, and thereby defeated the action of the United States, by his unprecedented use of veto power in order to perpetuate said laws and the use of armed men at the polls, have shown a spirit of affection and devotion to party success instead of the welfare of the country and the preservation of its constitution and liberties that demand the condemnation of the whole American people.

Resolved, That Pres. Hayes, by his frequent interposition of the veto in order to defeat legislation that was plainly constitutional, that in no way interfered with the independence of any department of the Government, and had received the most mature consideration of Congress, has shown an utter disregard of the considerations and and principles that induced the insertion of the veto power in the Constitution and a like disregard of the wishes and welfare of the people.

Resolved, That we declare it as the sense of the Democracy of Ohio that not a dollar should be appropriated by Congress to pay soldiers, marshals, deputy marshal, or supervisors of election, to interfere with or control elections.

Resolved, That the efforts of the Republican party to open and keep alive the war feeling between the North and the South are to be condemned by every lover of his country.

Resolved, That we reaffirm the financial principles heretofore advocated by the Democratic party of Ohio, that the issue of money in any form and the regulation thereof belong to the General Government alone and ought not to be delegated or entrusted to individuals or corporations, and that we therefore oppose the perpetuation of the present National banking system as a means of control over the currency of the country and demand the gradual substitution of Treasury notes for National bank currency, to be made receivable for all dues, and a legal tender equally with coin, and such Government issues to be regulated upon the principles established by legislation or organic law, so as to secure the greatest possible stability of value.

Resolved, That after the change of the valuation of all property from the scale of paper money, by which the heavy burden of debts now resting upon the people were created, to the former level of gold and silver, and that the change then made in the metallic standard itself by the demonetization of silver was a monstrous fraud upon the people, cunningly devised in the interest of the holders of bonds, and should be condemned as in violation of every principle of honest dealings and a covert assault upon the fundamental rights to property, and we therefore demand the full restoration of silver to its original place as a money metal the same as gold.

Resolved, That the rapid increase of the interest bearing debt of the Government under the present administration ought to excite the serious apprehension of the people, and we demand that the further increase in the bonded debt in time of peace must be stopped, and that it be put in process of extinction.

Resolved, That the attack made upon the State Legislature in the Republican platform is wholly undeserved, and that the Legislature in its arduous work of codifying the laws of the State, in the reduction of fees and salaries of County officers, and the passage of a law to protect the ballot and prevent bribery at elections deserves the commendation of the people of the State.

Resolved, That it is the duty of our Government to maintain to its fullest extent the doctrine that a man in good faith can change his habitation and become a citizen of any country. We should protect in every part of the world all our naturalized citizens as we would our native born, and should resist all improper claims upon them by the governments to which they no longer owe allegiance. We demand that the existing treaties with all foreign governments be rigidly enforced, and that early steps be taken to obtain from the German Empire a fuller recognition of the right of expatriation and of the right of our naturalized citizens returning or having property on a modification of the treaty existing between us.

Frank Hurd, in behalf of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the following additional resolution:

Resolved, That we request the Democratic members in Congress not to vote any appropriation to the army until provision shall have been made that such army shall not be employed to influence or intimidate the people at the polls.

This resolution was defeated by a heavy vote.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

It Holds a Special Meeting to Decide What to Do With the Warner Silver Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The Senate Committee on Finance, had a special meeting to-day, to decide whether the Warner silver bill should be taken up for action the present session. The motion pending adjournment of the previous meeting, was the one submitted by Vorhees. It was that the Committee proceed to the consideration of the measure. Sen. Morrill to-day moved to amend the motion by adding "and for the purpose of having time for the full consideration further action thereon shall be postponed until the first Monday in December next. The amendment was adopted by the following vote: Yeas, Bayard, Kernan, Ferry and Allison; nays, Beck, Voorhees and Jones. Sen. Morrill was paired with Sen. Wallace. The latter, if present, would have voted no. The motion thus amended was adopted by the same vote, and the whole subject was laid aside accordingly.

DEMOCRATIC SIDE SHOW.

The National Jamboree at Columbus—No Coalition—A. Sanders Platt Nominated For Governor.

COLUMBUS, June 4.—The State Greenback Convention assembled in the City Hall at 10 o'clock.

Sidney Hildreth, of Huron County, was chosen temporary chairman.

Dispatches were received from Congressman De La Matyr of Washington, advising the Convention to stand firm and uncompromising.

The stage was decorated with banners denouncing coalition.

After effecting a temporary organization the Convention took a recess for dinner.

The Convention nominated the following ticket:

Governor—Gen. A. Saunders Piatt, of Logan county.

Lieutenant-Governor—Hugo Preyer, of Stark county.

Auditor—Andrew Roy, of Jackson county.

Treasurer—Charles Jenkins, of Mahoning county.

Supreme Judge—A. M. Jackson, of Cuyahoga county.

Member Board of Public Works—George W. Platt, of Hamilton county.

Attorney General—James C. Crogan, of Hocking county.

The following platform was adopted:

The National Greenback Labor party of Ohio, in Convention assembled, adopt the following declaration of principles as our platform, and go before the people thereon, with the consciousness of thereby performing a sacred duty to our fellow American citizens as sovereigns of a free Republic. In the recognition and distribution of civil and political rights and privileges, there should be no favoritism of birth, color, creed or financial condition.

The General Government should issue an ample volume of full legal tender currency to meet the business needs of the country and to promptly pay all its debts.

We recognize the deplorable commercial and industrial condition of our country as something appalling to contemplate, and we unhesitatingly hold the old parties responsible for the nefarious and ruinous policy pursued, and point to their record as full and complete evidence to the people that it is folly to hope for relief from either, and we unhesitatingly say this suffering and degradation is the result of the legislation of the last quarter of a century being solely in the interest of the monied aristocracy and corrupt corporations.

The funding of the national debt into long time bonds to be paid over and over in the form of interest, absorbing the wealth of the Nation, making business prosperity an impossibility, reducing the laborer to a condition of semi-slavery, and rendering the welfare of the Nation subservient to the interests of the bond holding class, is an outrage so monstrous that any political party that sanctions it is unworthy of the support of intelligent and honest men.

We are inflexibly opposed to the issue of Government interest-bearing bonds of any description, for any purpose whatever.

The National Bank system should be immediately abolished and a tariff amply sufficient for the protection of American industries should be maintained, until a free financial system may have shown it to be unnecessary to tax labor for the support of capital.

All Internal Revenue taxes should be dispensed with and a graded income tax substituted.

We demand the immediate calling in and payment of all United States bonds in full legal tender money. [Great applause when this was read.]

We demand an equalization of bounties for soldiers; we denounce all references to our late war of a malicious and insulting nature as revolutionary and wholly inconsistent with the principles of free Government, and antagonistic to the restoration of the old motto, "United we stand, divided we fall."

A platform, reported by Gen. Sherwood, as the minority of the Committee on resolutions, called out a bitter discussion, and when it was voted down a number of delegates left the Convention.

JAMES O. WOODRUFF.

Death of the Projector of the Scientific Expedition Around the World.

Mr. James Orton Woodruff, the projector of the Woodruff Scientific Expedition Around the World, died at 40 East Tenth street, New York, early Wednesday morning. The cause of his death was inflamation of the brain, brought on by overwork at the scheme in which he was so greatly interested. He conceived the idea of an educational expedition while in Florida, seven years ago. When the expedition, in which he sank a great deal of money, failed a few weeks ago, Mr. Woodruff still did not despair of its ultimate success. Two weeks ago he had conceived a fresh scheme, and he went to Amherst and saw Prof. Clarke, who agreed to become its manager. From Amherst Mr. Woodruff went to Boston, where a number of gentlemen approved and subscribed to the carrying out of his new plan. Immediately after the conference with these gentlemen Mr. Woodruff was taken ill. His mind wandered, but under medical treatment he speedily grew better. Returning to New York, he was again attacked on the way, and again recovered. Reaching the City on Wednesday morning of last week, he was for a third time taken ill, and took to his bed. He became delirious, and did not again recover.

Mr. Woodruff was born in Auburn. He served during the first year of the war in a New York regiment, but his health failing, retired to a plantation near New Orleans, where he engaged in sugar raising. Later he became an orange grower in Florida. In 1871 he lived in Indianapolis, and invested $500,000 in laying out streets which had parks in the centre, and were ornamented with hundreds of life-size statues. The panic of 1873 materially interfered with the profits of this enterprise. Mr. Woodruff was 38 years of age. He leaves a widow and two children. The expedition which cost his life will, it is said, be carried out.

COBB-BISHOP POISONING.

The Medico-Legal Society Discussing the Chemistry of the Case.

NEW YORK, June 5.—A paper read before the Medico-Legal Society last evening was the joint production of Drs. Charles A. Doremus and Rudolph A. Witthaus, on "The Chemistry of the Cobb-Bishop Poisoning." The paper was read by Dr. Doremus, a son of Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, the well known chemist. Its authors are the chemical experts who made the examination of the remains of Lrs. Cobb and Mrs. Bishop, the victims in the recent Connecticut poisoning case. The paper dealt with the importance of carrying the examination in cases of poisoning beyond the contents of the stomache. The point made was that the poison found in the stomach is not that which has produced death. Death is cause by the absorption of the poison, and the fatal result is proved by the presence of the poison in the liver, the brain, the kidneys, the intestines, and other organs, ar also in the excretions. When the two experts were called upon to make the examination, the prosecuting attorney suggested that it would not be judicious to divide the parts and to have them examined in two different laboratories. Many tests were applied, but the most satisfactory was that known as Marsh's. This was applied for the detection of arsenic. Cobb had used subnitrate of bismuth as a medicine. This contains arsenic, but very little of it. More was found prescribed for him. Strychnia was also found, but it was that which he had taken in his medicine, and the quantity was exactly what had been prescribed. Wherever arsenic was found, copper was detected also. The poison must have been administered during a long period, because it had time to assimilate with the fluids of the body. In Mrs. Bishop's stomach more arsenic was found than in Cobb's a proof that it had been administered a short time before death. In the liver and other parts the quantity detected was much less.

In a sick room: "Ah, my dear friend, you are too kind to come and spend the evening with me, though of course it can be little pleasure to you." "O nonsense; you mustn't talk like that—mustn't think anything of the sort. Life isn't all pleasure. We can't always expect to do what would be most agreeable for us to do. Some one had to come and see you, you know."

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-sixth Congress—Extra Session.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, June 4.

Mr. BUCKNER, Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, reported a resolution directing investigation into the affairs of the Ocean National Bank of New York and the German National Bank of Chicago, and especially into the management of the assets by the respective receivers. The resolution was adopted, yeas 128; nays 64.

Mr. RUSSELL offered a resolution directing the Committee to inquire and report when the existing law can be so amended so as to afford relief to the commercial interests of the country, and whether measures can be adopted by Congress calculated to secure the return of prosperity by an increase of trade and extension of the merchant marine.

Mr. ATKINS, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, reported back the joint resolution repealing certain clauses of the sundry civil bill, approved March 3, 1879, with the Senate amendments thereto, with a recommendation that the Senate amendments be concurred in, with the following among the amendments: Appropriating $5,000 to the widow of Rush Clark, of Iowa, and one year's salary to the widow of Gustav Schleicher.

Mr. ATKINS explained the Senate amendments, the only important one being the Secretary of War to lease water power to the Moline Company.

Mr. HUNTON submitted an amendment increasing the appropriation to the family of the late Gustav Schleicher to $1,000. Agreed to.

The Senate amendments, as amended, were concurred in, and the bill was returned to the Senate for its action.

Mr. SPRINGER, as a question of privilege, offered a preamble and resolutions reciting the proceedings of the Committee on Expenditures in the State Department in the last Congress in connection with the charge against Geo. F. Seward, Minister to China, and refusing the report of that committee and of the article of impeachment prepared by it and the testimony taken in the case to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to consider the same, take other testimony if necessary, and report to the House at its next session.

The points of order made by Mr. CONGER and Mr. CALKINS were overruled, and the preambles and resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. EVANS, from the Commitete on Postoffices and Post Roads, reported back the Senate bill to extend the time for special postal service until such service can be obtained by advertisement, with an amendment limiting such extension to one year. The amendment was agreed to and the bill passed.

The Senate amendments to the Post Route bill were concurred in.

Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, June 5.

Sen. PENDLETON, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported back the House joint resolution appropriating money to enable the United States Government to participate in the International exhibition to be held at Sydney and Melbourne in 1879 and 1880, which was adopted by a vote of yeas, 28; nays, 18.

The bill reported yesterday by Sen. BAYARD from the Judiciary Committee relating to juries and to the repeal of sections 801, 820 and 821, of the revised statutes was taken up.

Sen. HAMPTON, after briefly supporting the bill, spoke upon the general political issues. In the course of his speech Hampton said he would not in any event vote to deny the necessary appropriations to support the army and the departments of the Government.

Sen. BAYARD supported the bill, and quoted from Hamilton's writing to show that the theory of the power was to confer on the President power to protect himself and to prevent the passage of bad laws, either through haste, inadvertence or design.

The President pro tem. laid before the Senate a message from the President of the United States inclosing a report of the Board of Inquiry in the Fitz-John Porter case. Referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Sen. EDMUNDS moved to strike out the clause of the pending bill that repeals section 821 of the revised statutes, so that only sections 802 and 820 should be repealed. Referred.

Sen. EDMUNDS then moved to amend by adding the following: "That no citizen possessing all other qualifications which are or may be prescribed by law shall be disqualified for service as a grand or petit juror in any court of the United States, or any State, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. Any officer, or other person, charged with any duty in the selection or examination of jurors who shall exclude or fail to examine any citizen for the causes aforesaid shall, on conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not more than $5.

This amendment provoked considerable discussion and it was finally rejected.

Sen. CONKLING renewed the amendment with the words "or any State" stricken out, as Sen. Hill had expressed himself as rather favorably inclined towards the amendment with that exception. Sen. Conkling spoke in a humorous vein for a few moments, saying that he was detaining the Senate in the hope that the Senator from Georgia would reappear, (he having gone out to attend a meeting of the Committee on Privileges and Elections,) and redeem his pledge to vote for such an amendment if the constitutional difficulty was removed.

Another lengthy discussion followed, resulting in the rejection of the amendment.

Sen. EDMUNDS addressed the Senate at length in opposition to the bill, and finally to a motion to adjourn.

HOUSE.

More than an hour was consumed this morning in the consideration of the bill reported from the Committee on Printing. The bill for the election of a Congressional Printer was reported but not admitted, the point of order being raised that it was not such a bill as the Committee was privileged to report at any time.

Mr. ATKINS reported the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, and moved that the bill be printed and recommitted.

Mr. HAWLEY offered an amendment to the motion instructing the Committee on Appropriations to report the bill substantially in the form of the legislative appropriation bill last agreed to, excluding there from all general and political legislation and all appropriations for judicial expenses.

Mr. ATKINS thereupon withdrew the bill.

The House resumed the business of the morning hour.

The President's message, transmitting the record in the Fitz-John Porter case, was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

The Legislative Appropriation bill was again reported, and on motion of Mr. ATKINS, was recommitted.

The House then took up as the special order, a bill reported by Mr. HATCH, from the Committee on Agriculture, to prevent exportation of diseased cattle and the spread of infectious or contagious diseases among domestic animals, and was addressed in support of the bill by Mr. Hatch and Mr. Cox, and by Mr. Morton in opposition.

Without taking any action the House adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, June 6.

Sen. COKE asked Sen. Bayard, Chairman of the Finance Committee, what action had been taken on the Warner Silver bill; he had understood that the Committee had agreed to postpone its consideration until December.

Sen. BAYARD did not feel authorized to say what had taken place in Committee. He would only say that no member had been instructed to report on the bill.

Sen. COKE then said his sense of duty led him to offer a resolution to discharge the Committee from further consideration of the bill, and to declare the bill before the Senate for action.

Sens. EDMUNDS, WHYTE and others objected, and the resolution went over.

Sen. EDMUNDS resumed his remarks on the bill to repeal Sections 801, 820 and 821 of the Revised Statutes.

Sen. EDMONDS resumed his remarks on the bill to repeal sections 801, 820 and 821, of the Revised Statutes.

In the course of Sen. Edmunds' remarks, Sen. Thurman interrupted him to say that unanimous consent could probably now be obtained to reconsider the vote by which the third reading of the bill was ordered so that it might be amended. He intimated that Sen. Edmunds' amendment offered yesterday, while considered unnecessary, would not again be antagonized.

Sen. EDMUNDS said he would like to move to recommend the bill if it could be arranged; otherwise he would go on. Continuing, he asked Sen. Hampton if what he stated yesterday about a Judge in Charleston being himself unable to raise the oath, while even Republican jurors were excluded for such inability, came under his observation.

Sen. HAMPTON said he stated it upon the information of his colleague who was present.

Sen. EDMUNDS thought a Committee ought to be appointed to investigate the matter in all its lights, then we could get more satisfaction than from a mere statement of observers, in regard to the exclusion of jurors who had given a "cup of cold water," to Confederate soldiers.

Sen. EDMUNDS declared that the kind of aid or comfort contemplated in the statute and which would call for the discretion of the Court, was only necessary aid, that which was intended to further the purpose of transgressor. He pointed out what he thought the absurdity and viciousness of introducing politics into the jury system. It was the beginning of the practice, he said, that would end in recognizing all other mental differences in the selection of jurors. Presently we would have the Catholic opposed to the Protestant, and would have to provide for Free Traders, Know Nothings, and all shades of political and religious thinkers.

Sen. THURMAN thought Sen. Edmunds was generating another veto message. He was again furnishing sophistries for people who were not sharp enough to invent them for themselves in order that they may come back here in a sort of shuttle-cock and battle-dore from the other end of the avenue. [Laughter.] Sen. THURMAN said Sen. Edmunds appeared to be afraid to have the qualifications of jurors with the States, but section 800 left them there, and by that section the law of Maryland would exclude the blacks from the jury box. The Republican party upheld and enforced the section and did not find fault with it, certainly not till 1875, when the law was passed forbidding any discriminations for jurors in the Federal courts on account of race, color or previous condition. Now, if the act of 1875 prevented discriminations under the State law of Maryland, then it would still prevent it in spite of this bill.

Sen. CONKLING pointed out that the bill repealed all general or special laws conflicting with it.

Sen. THURMAN replied that there was nothing in the bill conflicting with the law of 1875.

Sen. WHYTE said that he did not know about County Courts, but in State Courts he had not known of colored men being on Juries, but there was no discrimination in the drawing. The lists did not show which names were of black men.

Sen. EDMUNDS wanted to know how it happened that no negros ever got on Juries.

Sen. WHYTE did not know why, except that their names did not happen to come out. He had never heard a word of complaint from colored people in this regard.

Sen. BAYARD did not think the bill contained a proviso under which discrimination on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude would be made, since it did not refer in any way with existing laws on that point, but as he only wanted the bill substantially to be successful, and to prevent any possible ground for criticism in any quarter as to the action of the Committee or the supporters of the bill he moved to recommit it.

Sen. BLAINE, in the course of some remarks on the bill, asked Sen. Thurman how he knew the President would veto the bill if passed as reported from the Committee.

Sen. THURMAN said he had no such information and if he had it would be violating a plain rule of the Senate to state it.

Sen. BLAINE—The Senator has already violated that rule. He has said that the bill should be amended so as to encounter no objections at the other end of the avenue.

Sen. THURMAN—I only spoke of my own inferences, and those inferences were simply founded on the fact that, in my opinion, bills have been vetoed, notably the army bills, because members of the Republican party in both Houses of Congress by no means very friendly to the incumbent of the Presidential chair have (I will not use the slang language of the day; I will not talk about bull dozing) coerced the executive.

Sen. EDMUNDS raised the point of order that Sen. Thurman was out of order.

The words were taken down and read by the reporter.

Sen. EDMUNDS stated that his point was that the words imputed unconstitutional and improper conduct to the President and also to members of the Senate. He would not regard the words relating to the House.

Sen. ROUSTON asked under what rule the point could be made. We were getting to a point where no legislation could be done without consulting the Executive, but I did not know we were forbidden to speak of him.

Sen. WHYTE—The other side have been making charges of coercion against us all along.

Sen. EDMUNDS—It is one thing to say what the effect of measures will be and another thing to say in so many words that Senators have coerced the President, thus charging them with a political crime.

Sen. THURMAN referred to his own decision on the point of order raised against Sen. Chandler some time ago, namely, that the charge that Senators held their seats by fraud, did not impute motives to the Senators themselves. He then said that by coercion he did not mean duress or personal violence, but he had used the expression coerced because, in his judgment, and he would be willing to go to his death upon it, the Republican Senators and Representatives, by the course they had taken on this bill, leaving the merits of the subject and raising the cry of "revolution," waving the "bloody shirt," talking about this being a question between secession and the Union, and by their whole course on the subject had made a man, he would not say a weak man, for he meant to be respectful to the President, but made a man veto bills that, if left to his own judgment, he would not have vetoed.

In the discussion that followed, several Democratic Senators pointed out cases where Republican members had denounced Pres. Andrew Johnson as a despot, etc., and Sen. THURMAN alluded to the decision by Sen. Blaine, when Speaker of the House, that a member was not out of order in using accusatory words of the President.

Sen. BLAINE said there was a latitude allowed to the immediate representatives of the people, who only could present articles for impeachment, which was forbidden to the Senate, which might be called on to sit as a Court of Impeachment.

Sen. EDMUNDS finally said he was satisfied with Sen. Thurman's explanation of the sense in which he used the words objected to and withdrew his point of order. In doing so he wished to deprecate the growing freedom with which the actions and motives of the Executive were being brought into the debates.

The question recurred on Sen. Bayard's motion to recommend the bill.

Sen. VOORHEES opposed the bill.

Sen. DAVIS (Ill.) favored it and was surprised that there was any opposition to it.

Sen. CONKLING said he would withhold his note on the motion and let the Democrats settle their quarrel among themselves.

The vote on the motion resulted, yeas, 22, nays, 9; not a quorum voting.

Most of the Republicans refrained from voting and most of the Democrats who voted, voted aye.

Sen. CONKLING said he did not withhold his vote with a view of producing no quorum. He would now vote no. Many Republican Senators who had refrained from voting rose and on their names being called voted nay. Several Democratic Senators thereupon changed their votes from yea to nay and others voted nay. The result of the vote was, yeas, 15; nays, 27. So the motion was lost. The bill then passed, yeas, 28; nays, 16, a strict party vote.

Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.

The army appropriation bill was reported and ordered printed and recommitted.

The House went into Committee of the Whole upon the bill making additional appropriations for the Postoffice Department.

The Appropriation bill was reported, ordered printed and recommitted.

The House went into Committee of the Whole upon bill making additional appropriations for the Postoffice Department.

Mr. COX characterized the bill as the meanest one he had ever seen. There was nothing so mean, so parsimonious, so coarse, so despicable as to bring in a bill to repeal the law passed at the last session and to cut down the pay of men who were worked 14 hours a day in New York City, because the gentleman from Illinois (Cannon) did not want that sort of work upon the prairie. [

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

Official papers in the Fitz John Porter case have been delivered to the president. It is understood that he will refer them to Congress in a few days.

At Washington June 5, the Attorney General decided that the obligations solvable in merchandise and used for circulation come so evidently within the mischief intended be remedied by the act of February 1875 as to subject them to the tax of ten per cent. The act provides "that every personal firm association other than the National Bank associations and every corporation, State Bank or State Banking Association, shall pay a tax of ten per centum on the amount of their own notes used for circulation and paid out by them."

It is stated that the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill which Mr. Atkins presented Friday in the House, incorporates the bill known as the "McMahon amendment," providing for the repeal of certain laws, regulating the payment of pensions and directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out for arrearages of pensions of the $10,000,000 which has been held as a special fund for the redemption of fractional currency. The bill also provides for the salaries of officers which have been created since the passage of the act of 1878, and includes the necessary appropriations for the different bureaus and other minor provisions. No general legislation other than that mentioned is included.

At Washington June 9, the House passed the bill amending the statutes relative to the importation of neat cattle for breeding purposes. It permits special importation of foreign animals for breeding purposes upon the order of the Secretary of the Treasury under such regulations as he may establish.

The Democratic members of the Senate assembled in caucus soon after the adjournment of that body Monday P. M. and remained in private consultation nearly three hours. The caucus was called at the instance of the friends of the Warner silver bill, with a view to convincing their colleagues that, in a party point of view, it would be desirable to procure final action upon that measure by the Senate during the present session. As a means to that end it was suggested that the Democratic members of the Finance Committee should agree to report back the bill immediately without recommendation, or that otherwise the dominant party in the Senate should unitedly support Sen. Coke's pending resolution, which provides for bringing the bill forthwith before the Senate by discharging the Committee from its further consideration. It was not proposed to make the bill a caucus measure except to the extent of insuring prompt action upon it; but the discussion to-day developed such an immovable opposition to the bill on the part of some of the Senators and such irreconcilable differences of opinion as to the question of expediency involved in the suggestions above noted, that no proposition whatever was pushed to a vote and, consequently, the caucus adjourned without taking any action and without the members being any nearer an agreement than when they assembled. The speakers in favor of the bill were Sens. Thurman, Beck, Garland, Maxey, Hereford, Coke and Pendleton. Sens. Bayard, Eaton and Kernan made the principal speeches in opposition to the bill. The merits of the bill were debated only incidentally, there being no hope of changing opinions concerning them, but the question of the probable effect of its passage by the Senate in connection with its anticipated veto by the President, was the subject of very animated discussion. On the one hand it was argued that the effect would be to give increased strength to the Democracy of the West, and especially in the coming Ohio contest. On the other hand it was insisted that, aside from the doubt whether the bill would obtain a majority vote in the Senate, its passage by the dominant party in that body would tend to alienate Democratic votes in the Eastern States, and notably in New York and Connecticut. It was also earnestly argued in opposition to the demand for immediate action on the bill, that the friends of the bi-metalic system would most effectually promote the permanent establishment of the double standard in this country by deferring the present measure until next session, and thus avoid an alleged threatened embarrassment to the efforts already in progress to establish an international common ratio of values between the two precious metals. The indications in the caucus to-day were that at least eight or nine Democratic Senators would vote against Sen. Coke's pending resolution, and it will therefore be defeated.

The chair appointed a sub-committee to examine into the articles of impeachment against Geo. F. Seward, United States Minister to China, consisting of Messrs. House, Ryan, McKinley and Williams (Wis.) It is not likely that any report will be made during the present session.

EAST.

A dispatch says the second meeting of the managers and representatives of trunk lines held at Niagara Falls Thursday resulted in the establishment of a tonnage pool on all freight from Chicago eastward, which was accepted with evident gratification. As agreed upon it is as follows: Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, 26 per cent; Michigan Central, 21 per cent; Baltimore & Ohio, nine per cent.; Pennsylvania Railroad Company, representing the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, and Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Roads, 34 per cent. The lines are to carry only their pro rate amount. The agreement is to go into effect Monday, June 9. In addition to which all lines are restricted from making time contracts without first giving 10 days' notice to all others in the pool. William Bliss, General Manager of the Boston & Albany Road, who arranged the pool, was chosen arbitrator. The rates of freight established were as follows: Grain, Chicago to New York, 15c.; fourth class, 20c.; cattle, Chicago to New York, 45c. and 35c.; hogs shipped for the month of May: Chicago to New York, 22½c.; and from June 9, hogs and sheep, 20c.; cattle, Chicago to Buffalo, 23c. and 18c.; hogs and sheep, 12c. Detroit and Toledo to Buffalo, cattle, 9c.; hogs, 8c.; sheep, double deck cars, $18 per car: single decks, $15. Buffalo to New York, cattle, 23c. and 18c.; hogs and sheep, 12½c. The lower rate on cattle transportation is given to equalize the carriage of stock when taken by one line to be transported over another route. A meeting for the arranging of a pool from western Cities will be held in New York Thursday, June 12.

At Pittsburg June 7, at a meeting of iron manufacturers the following resolution was adopted.

Resolved, That under existing circumstances we deem it inexpedient to further resist at the present time, the unjust demand of the boilers.

A number of firms signed the five-dollar puddler scale, and it is thought the majority of mills will be in full operation Monday. Several firms have taken advantage of the strike to make repairs, and will not be able to resume work for some days.

At Annapolis June 10, the Graduation exercises of the Naval Academy took place. Judge M. J. Durham of Kentucky delivered the address to the graduates, and Secretary Thompson the diplomas. R. H. Miner of Ohio took the first honors in a class of 42. Cadet Midshipman Richard Gatewood of Virginia the first honors in a class of 23 Cadet engineers.

SOUTH.

Savannah, dispatch says a terrible riot took place Monday at McIntosh, Liberty County, a station on the Atlantic & Gulf Railroad, between a party of negro excursionists from Bryan County and those belonging to the place. It began in a fight between two negros, whereupon John Randall, Captain of a negro militia company from Bryan County, a part of the excursionists, ordered his company to charge, which they did, bayoneting everybody within reach. The captain himself killed one man by running him through with his sword. There was intense excitement at this outrage. The Liberty County negros rallied and drove the military company into the cars and opened fire on them killing four and wounding many more, only stopping the shooting when the train got out of the way, which they tried to prevent by tearing up the track. All the parties engaged were negros.

A dispatch says at the request of a Committee of Louisiana bond-holders, the Chairman of the Council of foreign bond-holders has sent a protest to the Governor of Louisiana against any attempt of the State Convention now sitting to reduce the State debt as arranged under the refunding act of 1874.

FOREIGN

GREAT BRITAIN.

At London June 5, the *Times*, in a financial article discussing the price of silver, says: "It seems to be a pretty general expectation that the European silk crop will not only be backward but inferior; attention is therefore all the more directed to the probable progress of the Chinese and Japanese crops, and under these circumstances there is a very strong demand for Mexican dollars, which sold yesterday at 53¼c, while 53c was quoted as the closing price.

The London Statist, of June 7, referring to the failure of David Stuart & Co., of Liverpool, says: "The gradual liquidation of the Manchester banking firm involved can hardly be avoided. The causes of the difficulties is the lock-up of capital. It is not probable even in the worst event that the matter will have important consequences in London, but in Manchester other failures are expected, and it is said that poor Irish emigrants who are in the habit of sending money to their friends at home will be heavy sufferers by the Liverpool failure.

The London Times of June 6, in its financial article says speculation in silver has apparently run its course for the present. The recent buying has been mainly speculative, and the first attempt of speculators to test the market produced a reaction." If holders are able to draw back and await a better opportunity, the reaction may not be material at present. Thursday's relapse did not affect Mexican dollars, which are steady at 53d.

Germany.

The Berlin North GermanGazette announces that on the occasion of his golden wedding the Emperor William intends to grant pardons and commutations on an unusually extensive scale, including, upon certain conditions, persons sentenced for offenses against him immediately subsequent to Nobeling's attempt, and persons who evaded military service by emigrating.

South Africa.

At London June 8, Official dispatches from Capetown, dated May 20, are published. In one, Lord Chelmsford states that the advance of Cols. Wood and Newdigate should commence in 10 days, but a dispatch from Gen. Clifford says no date can be fixed for the completion of the preparations because of the difficulties met with in obtaining transportation.

Germany.

The North German Gazette states that the German Foreign Office has received confirmation of the reports of the destruction of the German Mission of State in Natal, and of the ill treatment of a missionary by them. The British communications are still proceeding with the British Government on the subject.

India.

A dispatch from Calcutta reports that riots have occurred in Godsavery district of the Madras presidency. The local papers dignify them by the name of rebellion. A considerable force has been engaged in suppressing the disturbances.

A Calcuta, dispatch says the Afghan treaty has created a strong impression in Persia, greatly increasing British prestige.

Cholera of a severe type has made its appearance in the Lower Bolan Pass.

More or less copious rains are reported from nearly all the districts of Bengal and Assam. The rainfall in Cochart Bengal has yet been slight and partial, but sufficient to greatly improve the prospects of the Indigo crop. Reports from the tea districts are on a whole fairly good.

The famine in Cashmere is taking its course, and people are reported dying by hundreds.

ASTONISHMENT IN NEWPORT.

A Baptist Doctor of Divinity Confirmed in the Episcopal Faith.

NEWPORT, June 8.—Any stranger in Newort who happened to be outside the churches this afternoon could have seen knots of well-dressed persons in earnest discussion over a subject which has caused much astonishment. The Rev. Charles Howard Malcom, D. D., a Baptist clergymen of open communion tendency, with his wife and two children were confirmed at Trinity Church by the Right Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island. The fact in itself would not have been open to criticism had it not been undertaken in an irregular manner. Mr. Malcom was formerly pastor of the Second Baptist Church, in this City, but receiving an invitation to become Secretary of the American Peace Society, he resigned his pastorate and accepted the Secretaryship, which had a much higher salary attached to it. The church then called the Rev. N. B. Thompson, of Brooklyn, to their pulpit, but it is thought that the fact of Mr. Malcom's residing in Newport has not had the effect of healing church wounds which had been opened before he resigned, and which widened afterward. The reverend gentleman partook of the sacrament at the Second Baptist Church last Sunday, and yesterday conferred with the pastor with respect to the future work in it. Personal explanations were made between the two, and it was thought on the part of one at least that there would be harmony in future. Mr. Malcom has not asked for letters of dismissal from the Baptist Church, neither has he intimated to the officers his intention to withdraw, and consequently his friends are greatly disturbed lest his conduct should be wrongly interpreted. Mr. Malcom represented the Peace Congress in Europe last year. There is no other course open to the second Baptist Church than to strike the names of Mr. Malcom and his family from the records.

The Cincinnati Sangerbund Festival.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—Preparations for the 21st festival of the North American Saengerbund, which is to be held in Music Hall, this City, from June 11th to 15th, give promise of a very successful meeting.

The chorus is made up of local German singers and societies from Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cleveland, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Columbus, Fort Wayne, Ind., Hamilton, O., Lawrenceburg, Ind., Milwaukee, Youngstown, O., and Omaha. They will number at least 1,200. The soloists are Madame Otto Alverlieben, of the Royal Opera at Dresden, who visits America expressly for this occasion; Miss Josephine Yorke, of Carl Rosa's English Opera Company; Miss Emma Heckle, Miss Annie B. Norton, Mrs. Flora Mueller, and Miss Emma Couch, all of Cincinnati; Miss Helen Balatka, of Chicago; Miss F. L. Friedenheimer, of Louisville; Mr. Myron W. Whitney, of Boston; and Messrs. Bischoff and Pemmertz, of New York. The orchestra will number 109 pieces.

In compliance with a change in the constitution of the Bund made in 1874, the chorus will include female voices. The musical province of the festival has thereby been greatly widened, and the program selected is remarkable for work of such magnitude as Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Vardia," "Requiem Mass," "Past of Rubenstein's," "Paradise Lost," "Scenes from Gades," "Crusaders" and Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba." Besides these there will be selections for a male chorus and a number of minor works by Hiller, Wagner, Schumann, Rubenstein, Reff, and composers of less fame. There is to be four evening concerts in which the chorus will participate, and three matinees of popular solo and orchestral numbers.

The festival will conclude with a monster picnic on Sunday next. The total cost of the affair will not be much short of $50,000, to secure which the citizens have subscribed $100,000 as a guarantee fund.

SPOFFORD-KELLOGG INVESTIGATION.

It is Resumed and an Effort Made to Impeach the Credibility of Witnesses.

WASHINGTON, June 6—The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections to-day resumed the Spofford-Kellogg investigation. Merrick, counsel for Spofford, offered in evidence the affidavit of Joseph J. Johnson to impeach the credibility of Johnson's oral denials of the truth of its contents, also to lay the foundation of proof that this witness, since making his affidavit, had been subject to the influences of seductive benefits and intimidation.

Shellabarger of the counsel for Kellogg objected and the Committee requested the counsel to submit the legal authorities upon which they relied.

Thomas Murray (colored) Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives of the Packard Legislature, testified that Col. Saver occupied the room next to his, and Gov. Kellogg, on a number of occasions directed the witness to conduct the members of the Legislature to Saver's office which witness did.

Q.—"Did they ever tell you what they went for?"

A.—"Some of them have."

Q.—"What did they tell you?"

Shellabarger objected on the ground that the question proposed to elicit merely hearsay evidence. Finally Hill moved the question be admitted. Carried, Hill, Vance, Houston and Bailey voting in the affirmative, and Ingalls and Cameron in negative. The witness said men who came before the election of Senator were hard up, and when they came they generally went to the Governor for a little money. Some of the men he took up to Saver's office told him that they went to see when their warrants would be ready; others to get money.

Q.—"Money for what?"

A.—"Voting for Gov. Kellogg. I saw some men have as high as $200, which they said they got for voting for Kellogg, but they were colored men and I do not rely on everything they say.

The committee had a private consultation.

After re-opening the doors the cross examination of Thomas Murray was resumed by Mr. Merrick. He had heard generally around the office that members of the Legislature had got money; four or five had told him of it and showed him a portion of the money; he could not tell how many had told him of having received money without showing it to him; his office was the headquarters where they all came, and some of them slept there; the men who showed him the money were Sonny Sims, of St. James, McGlorie, of Avoyelles parish, Joseph J. Jackson, of De Sota parish, (who was examined yesterday), did not tell him but Robert Johnson, of Terrebonne did; these were all that he recollected; the talk among them was that the price was $200.

Merrick—How many members of the Legislature that elected Kellogg to the Senate are now employed in the New Orleans Custom House?

Witness—About 20, I suppose. I would like to be there myself.

Merrick—How many of them were in the Custom House on the 4th of March last?

Witness—Three or four, the rest having been put in recently; since Badger was made Collector; cannot tell how many of them were put in within the last month; the Senator was elected on the second Tuesday in January, there was a joint session of the Legislature on that day; witness was instructed that day to bring in 10 members to make up the quorum; he went out and brought in in five members and then went out to get the other five, but did not get them; when he came back the Clerk (Badger) told him there was a quorum; you (Kellogg) were the only candidate voted for as United States Senator, and received the unanimous vote.

Kellogg—When was it you that you saw these members who told you that they had got money?

Witness—I cannot tell you that.

Kellogg—Was it before or after the election of Senator?

Witness—It was before the election of Senator that these men went to Sauer; I stated to the other side that the members had $200 after Kellogg was elected, and they told me they had got it for voting for Kellogg; (to Kellogg)—I did not bring you into that, but you bring me right into it. [Laughter.]

Kellogg—I do not want to draw myself in.

Witness—Keep on as you are going and you have not far to go now.

Kellogg—When was it that you had this conversation with these men?

Witness—I do not know; it was some time during the four months after your election.

Kellogg—Do you know what Sauer paid these men money for?

Witness—There you are at it again. [Laughter.] They said that he paid them for voting for Kellogg. [Laughter.]

Kellogg—What I want to get at is—

Witness (interrupting)—You want to get at too much. [Laughter.] I saw two other members who received $150. That was after the warrants had been issued. I heard all of them say that they got money.

Kellogg—For what?

Witness—For voting for you. It was common talk around there. I cannot name any who showed me money except the three I have already named.

The witness was further examined by Kellogg for the purpose of getting from him the fact that the money he had seen with the members was after the warrants for the members had been issued. That the per diem of the 60 days' session was $480, independent of mileage, and that the custom was to give it to them in two payments. In regard to the appointment of ex-members of the Legislature to positions in the Custom House by Mr. Badger, the Collector, he was asked whether it was not the practice to appoint to office men who had been connected with the Packark government. He replied in the negative, and said that he had seen some of them there very hungry, while others who had not been supporters of the Packard government were holding good positions.

Merrick—You saw Sauer pay money to two individuals?

Witness—Yes.

Merrick—Did they tell you what that money was paid for?

Witness—No; these two never did.

Merrick—Do you know what it was paid for?

Witness—Only from my own suspicions formed on rumors.

Merrick—What were the rumors?

Witness—That they were given so much fer voting for Kellogg; this was a few days after the election of Kellogg.

Merrick—Was not Sauer paying out a good deal of money a few days after the election of the Senator?

Witness—That was what they said; there were a good many running up there about that time and before that.

Merrick—How many members of the Legislature were present in the joint convention at the time the ballot was taken for United States Senator?

Witness—Eighty-three votes were announced; the journal will show; I cannot answer the question; according to my figures there were five men short, but when the votes were counted there were 83 votes announced.

To Sen. Hill—It would take the five that I was after to make the 83, and to my knowledge those five men were not there.

Merrick—Do you know Thomas, of Bossiar, who was a member of that Legislature?

Witness—Yes.

Merrick—Was he present at that joint convention?

Witness—The journal shows he was.

Merrick—What does your head and recollection tell you on that point?

Witness—He was home, sick with small-pox. I went to see Thomas that day myself. I hated to see Governor Kellogg go into that matter this morning, but I am here to tell the truth and I am going to tell it even if I am murdered as I am leaving town.

Shellabarger, counsel for Kellogg, cross-examined the witness as to Thomas, of Lossier, not being present at the ballot-ing for United States Senator.

Witness said he had seen Thomas sick in his bed between seven and eight o'clock that morning and he believed that he was not present.

Shellabarger—Can you state positively whether Thomas was there or not?

Witness—He was not there.

Shellabarger—Have you any reason for saying so except that Thomas said he was sick?

Witness—I am not ready to give the rest of the explanation, and do not think you ought to ask me for it; but if you come again for my reason I will give it. [Laughter.] Mr. Watson told me—

Shellabarger interrupted the witness, saying that he did not want a statement of a third party.

Sen. Hill put the question himself to the witness, and witness went on and made a long statement to the effect that Watson, a colored man, had asked him recently whether there was anything in the Kellogg-Spofford fight, meaning whether there was any money in it; that the witness told him there was not a cent, and asked him what he knew about it. Watson then told him that it was he who had voted in Thomas's name that day, and that he got "sugar" for it, too; Thomas was now dead; Thomas was a little taller than Watson, and a little darker in color; witness introduced Watson to Cavance, Spofford's counsel, but he told Cavance that, in his opinion, Watson was "a dirty scoundrel." Watson had since got into the New Orleans Custom-house, and witness thought that that was Watson's game.

The Committee then adjourned.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections resumed, to-day, the examination of witnesser in the Kellogg-Spofford cate. Just prior to the opening of the proceedings, Johnton, a colored witness examined Thursday, was arrested in the Capitol by a Capitol policeman, presumably on the charge of perjury. William John Delacy, (colored and intelligent) testified, in reply to Merrick, the counsel for Spofford, that he had been a Republican member from Rapides Parish of the Legislature that elected Kellogg to the Senate; Had left Rapides Parish with $1,750 in his pocket; had to run away from the Parish being bulldozed by White Camelias and other organizations; went to New Orleans to meet the Legislature and to save his own life, for both purposes combined.

Question—Who bulldozed you?

Answer—The Democratic party of Rapides Parish?

Q.—Who were the men?

A—The whole community.

When asked whether he had applied to Gov. Kellogg for money, he i ad replied that he had asked Kellogg to advance him $50 to assist him in speculation, but had not got it from him, and in answer to other questions, said he did not ask Kellogg for $50 for his vote or for him; never signed any paper containing such statement; never stated that Kellogg lent him $50 with the understanding that he would vote for him.

Q.—Have you ever signed a paper containing that statement?

A.—I signed no paper, but one that I wrote myself.

Q.—Did you vote in the joint convention?

A.—Yes. I first voted blank, because I was in favor of Pinchback. I afterwards changed my vote from blank to Kellogg.

Mr. Smith, (who was afterward a member of Congress and Collector at New Orleans,) told me on that occason to stand by Kellogg, as it did not look well for Republicans to split up among themselves.

Q—Did not Smith before your voting, throw an envelope on your desk and tell you that it contained money?

A—He did not.

A paper was here handed witness, and he denied that the signature on the body of it was in his hand writing. This paper was afterwards marked by the Chairman and reporter, to be used in contradiction of the witness. It is an affidavit taken before Judge Pruss on the 9th of April last purporting to be made and signed by the witness in which he states that Smith threw a sealed envelope on his desk; that he opened it and found it contained money, also that members hae been offered from $200 to $250 for their votes, and thrt reveral who had been so promised had got nothing, and that he himreif got $200 fnr voting for Kellogg.

Q—"Have you received $200 for voting for Kellogg?"

A.—No, and never stated that I did.

The witness, in answer to questions by Sen. Kellogg, said that he had made an affidavit which he had written himself at the suggestion of Ward, Spofford's traveling agent, and who told him if he made such a statement he could go back to his parish and live with his family; there was not any statement in the affidavit as to naving received any money for voting for Kellogg. There was never any inducement held out to witness to vote for Kellogg. Kellogg and himself were not friendly and he had nothing to say to the Senator.

Q.—Do you know of any person who was paid money for voting for me?

Answer—"I do not. I was present at all the caucus meetings. You never made a speech there. Whatever electioneering was done for you was done by your friends."

Being questioned as to the conversation with Thomas Murray (examined yesterday) the witness said Murray told him if Spafford were successful in this contest he (witness) would be provided for and would get $2,500.

Being asked whether Thomas, representative from Bossier parish (as to whom Murry testified yesterday that he was ill of the small pox and was personated by another colored man in the ballot for Senator. The witness swore positively that he slept with Thomas the night before the joint convention, and that Thomas was present at the time of voting, that he sat close by the witness, and did vote on that occasion. Thomas died about three months afterward. He had gone over with witness to the Nicholls Legislature; members who had done so had received from $500 to $2,500; he (witness) had got $500 for himself and his colleague (Drew.) This money was paid as consideration for voting for Spofford, not for going into the Legislature; money had been paid by Senator Robertson of St. Landry Parish. The Democratic Senator Demas of St. John's, managed the financial part, and had from $15,000 to $20,000 to divide among the men who voted for Spofford. It was regarded as a matter of fact that Spofford should receive all Republican votes so that he might get his seat in the Republican Senate.

Q.—What was the argument used against me?

A.—That you could not be seated and that we might as well send conservative men like Spofford, a Democratic carpet-bagger.

Q.—State the names of those who to your knowledge received money for voting for Spofford.

A.—Myself, T. J. Davis, of St. Londry; Dayries, of Pointe Coupee; Romero, of Iberia, Barron, of Natchitoches; Drew, of Rapides, and R. J. Walker, of Tensas. There were 12 who refused to vote for Spofford.

Q.—Explain how you know this?

A.—Because before the election of Senator I was in Cassidy's Hotel with others in negotiation with P. J. Kennedy, and were to receive $100 a day and our per diem and mileage in cash, and the patronage of our Parisites to go to the Nicholls Legislature and make a returning board quorum.

By Sen. Houston—Do you say you go money for going to the Nicholls Legislature?

A.—I got money for voting for Spafford.

Q.—Did you get anything for going over to Nicholls' Legislature?

A.—No sir, when I went over the money had given out.

Q.—Then they did not give you any thing except for your vote for Spafford

A.—No sir. They desired a Returning Board quorum, and it was immeteriai whether I went over or not.

Question—After you voted for Spofford did you not return to the Packard Legislature?

A—No, sir: because the Packard Legislature had gone down before I went over to Nicholl's Legislature. The Packard Government ceased the 18th of April, and I went to Nicholl's Legislature on the 19th.

By Sen. Kellogg:

Q.—Was money paid at the time to members going over.

A.—No sir, not for going over. He told me money had been placed in his hands and that often he had bought all the Packard members that he could buy money gave out.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The Committee on Privileges and Elections to-day resumed investigation on the Kellogg-Spofford case, and recalled Murray, (colored.)

In reply to Hill, the witness said that said that Cavanac was present when he wrote the affidavit. Nobody offered to write it; he wrote it by himself.

Q.—What was the inducement made to you previous to writing the affidavit?

A.—Cavanac said I should have everything I wanted, as Kellogg was to be put out of the Senate anyhow.

Merrick—Is that paper true?

A.—It is not true.

Q.—Tell us who lied.

A.—The very parties who induced me to make affidavit knew it to be a lie.

Merrick—I insist on knowing their names.

A.—I wont tell.

Pernan of the Committee—You ought to answer the question.

A.—I cant answer because it would implicate other parties not interested.

Kernan—We can't help that.

Shellabarger suggested that the witness be told the consequences of not answering.

The witness said that Cavanac was posted on the subject.

Kernan—As it is not a secret, you must answer.

Witness then gave the name of Drouett.

Merrick—We want all the names of those who induced you to swear to what they knew was a lie.

A.—There are other parties besides my uncle, and I am sorry I gave his name.

Merrick—And you refuse to name the others?

Kernan—Did you say that they knew it was a falsehood when you made affidavit?

A.—They knew it to be false.

Q.—Who were they?

A.—That's what I decline to answer.

Q.—What reason can you give for not letting the world know whose these men are?

Witness, after hesitating, said—Cavarac is another.

Kernan—Who ese.

A. | Others wanted me to swear to a lie. They did not induce me. Thomas Murray and J. W. Elder were among them.

In reply to Hill the witness said, Cavanac was present when he wrote the affidavit. Nobody offered to write it. He wrote it by himself.

Q.—What was the inducement made to you previous to writing the affidavit?

A.—Cavanac said I should have everything I wanted, as Kellogg was to be put out of the Senate anyhow. Murray said there was sugar in it, but did not ask me to swear falsely.

Adjourned until to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—The Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate continued the Spofford-Kellogg case to-day. Sen. Kellogg and Judge Spofford were present. No witnesses were examined, none being at hand, but each side announced that some were expected.

Sen. Saulsbury suggested that all the testimony possible be got at before the adjournment of Congress, which was expected at the close of this week or the beginning of next, as he doubted that a majority of the Committee could be held here after adjournment.

Affidavits heretofore offered in evidence were admitted in the records. An effort to deprive Sauvinac of his witness fees failed on the ground that he was obliged to answer the subpœ. Adjourned.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-Sixth Congress——Extra Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Sen. COKE'S resolution to discharge the Finance Committee from further consideration of the Warner silver bill and to declare it before the Senate for action was laid before the Senate but postponed until to-morrow on motion of Sen. VOORHEES.

The motion of Sen. BURNSIDE for an executive session was rejected, 19 to 21.

On motion of Sen. HARRIS, the McDonald bill authorizing the employment of Militia and land and naval forces of the United States in certain cases was taken up and Sen. HARRIS made a speech in support of the bill.

When Sen. HARRIS concluded, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

A resolution, offered by Mr. ACKLIN, was referred, directing the Committee on Pacific Railroad to inquire whether the Union Pacific Railroad Company has violated its charter in making investments contrary to the provisions thereof, and whether the two contracts entered into about April 25, 1875, between the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific Companies are not in violation of their charters.

A motion to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution providing for investigation in regard to the construction of public buildings was defeated: yeas, 115; nays, 82; not the necessary two-thirds in the affirmative.

Mr. ATKINS, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, reported back the substitute for the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill which was reported and recommitted last week. He stated that it was a unanimous report. Under suspension of the rules the bill was passed.

Mr. M'MAHON, from the Committee on Appropriation, reported a bill making appropriations for the judicial expenses of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880. Ordered printed and recommitted.

Mr. REAGAN moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill appropriating $30,000 for the construction of a marine hospital in Memphis. Agreed to.

Mr. RYAN moved to suspend the rules and pass the army appropriation bill precisely as it was reported on June 6th from the Appropriation Committee by Mr. Clymer.

Mr. ATKINS moved to adjourn.

The Speaker inquired of Mr. Ryan if the bill he desired to pass contained everything that was in the bill reported by Mr. Clymer.

Mr. Ryan—Everything, word for word as printed.

Mr. Atkins renewed his motion to adjourn. Agreed to; yeas 105; nays, 100.

This was a strict party vote with the exception of Messrs. Keifer and Sapp, who voted in the affirmative, and the following Greenbackers who voted in the negative: Messrs. Atkins, Bouck, Culbertson, De La Martyr, Felton, Fort, Forsyth, Gillette, Jones, Lowe, Murch, Stephans, Stevenson, Weaver and Yocum.

House then adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, June 10.

A bill was reported by Sen. VOORHEES from the Committee on Finance for the relief of James N. Harrison, Assistant Assessor of the Indiana District, provided for the payment to him of the salary of Assessor for the two years during which he performed the duties of Assessor while a vacancy in that office existed by reason of the Senate refusing to confirm a nomination. VOORHEES supported the bill. CONKLING opposed it as establishing a precedent for many similar cases.

HOUSE.

Mr. MORRISON from the Committee on Ways and Means reported a resolution providing for the final adjournment of Congress at noon the 17th of June. Adopted.

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The Markets.

General Produce.

DETROIT, June 10.—Breadstuffs—Flour firm. Wheat stronger; extra, 111¾c; No. 1 white, 113¾c; amber, 110c; seller July, 109¾c; seller August, 103¾c; milling No 1, 108¾c asked; amber, 106¾c bid. Receipts of wheat, 32,479 bu; shipments, 26,067 bu.

PHILADELPHIA, June 9.—Breadstuffs—Flour—market in fair demand; superfine western, $2 50; Ohio family, good to fancy, $5 50@5 80. Wheat firm; No. 2 western red, in elevator, 114¾c cargo lots, 115c, f. o. b. Corn quiet; heated on track, 25@31c; rejected do, 31@37c; steamer, 37@38c! Oats in active demand; mixed western, 36@38c; choice and fancy western, 39@40c.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 7.—The Indicator reports: Wheat—Receipts, 8,076 bu; shipments, 5,398 bu; in store, 106,351 bu; market weaker and lower; No. 2 (cash)c; No. 3, 90c; No. 4, 85c; rejected, 83c. Corn—Receipts, 11,642 bu; shipments, 16,880 bu; in store, 140,069 bu; market steady; No. 2 mixed, 31½c; No. 2 white mixed, 33¼c; rejected nominal. Oats nominal. Butter steady. Eggs more plenty and weak at 9@9½c.

CINCINNATI, June 10.—Flour firm. Wheat firm at 110@112c. Corn firm and unchanged at 38@39½c. Oats firm and unchanged at 33@36c. Whisky firmer at 103c. Pork firmer and unchanged at $10 00. Lard held at $6 12½. Bulk Meats firmer; shoulders at $5 60 cash; $5 70 seller July; short ribs, $4 75 bid; $4 80 asked for cash sales; $4 80 seller July; $5 00 seller September; short clear, $4 90@5 05. Bacon firm $4 18, $5 25 and $5 50.

MILWAUKEE, June 10.—Breadstuffs—Wheat—The market declined ¾@¾c; the noon board closed weak at 103¾c for cash; 100¾c for No 2, cash and seller June; 100¾c seller July; 94½ seller August; 82c for No. 3; 75¾c for No 4; 65c for rejected. Receipts, 7,300 bu; shipments, 78,700 bu. Corn—Market steady at 36¾c for No 2 Oats—Market firm at 34½ for No 2. Rye—Market firm at 55 for No 1. Barley—Market steady at 64c for No 2.

CHICAGO, June 10.—Wheat—Market easier; 103¾c cash; 99¾c bid seller July; 94c seller August. Corn firm and higher; 36¾c cash; 37¾c seller July; 38¾c seller August. Oats easier; 34¾c cash; 32c seller August. Rye steady; 52½c seller August. Barley dull. Pork firmer; $9 75 cash; $9 77½ bid seller July; $9 50 bid seller August. Lard firmer; $6 15 bid cash; $6 20 bid seller July; $6 30 bid seller August. Bulk Meats at 5¾ for long clear. Boxed—shoulders, 5¾c; long clear, 6¼c; clear sides, 6¾c. Whisky—Sales of 1,000 bbls at 103c. Receipts—Flour, 3,000 bbls; wheat, 101,000 bu; corn, 109,000 bu; oats, 5,000 bu; rye, 1,000 bu; barley, 1,000 bu. Shipments—flour, 8,000 bbls; wheat 3000 bu; corn, 39,000 bu; oats, 5,000 bu. Hogs activh; Yorkers and Baltimores $3 35@3 45; heavy shipping, $3 45@3 65. Philadelphias, $3 60. Receipts, 5,500 head; shipments, 1,600 head.

BALTIMORE, June 10.—Flour—Market steady; western superfine, $3 25@3 75; do extra, $4 25@5 00; do family, $5 25@6 00. Wheat—Market is reported firm; No 2 Pennsylvania red 121½@123½c; No 2 western winter red, spot 117¾c; do seller June, 115¾@115¾c; do seller July, 113¾@113¾c; do seller August 104¾@107½c; do seller September, 99¾@100c. Corn firmer; western mixed, spot and seller June, 43¼@43¾c; seller July, 44¾@44¾c; seller August, 43¾@45c; seller September, 45¾@46¼c; seller year, 42c. Oats higher; western white, 40½@41c;